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And Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London."

But it would be unjust to one of the most diffident, as well as most distinguished Members of the Society of Antiquaries of London, were this somewhat, perhaps, elaborate description of himself to be attributed to personal vanity. It has, we believe, entirely arisen from the desire of showing, that profound learning and extraordinary intellectual acuteness are as highly appreciated abroad as at home; and that, while the Royal and Antiquarian Societies of England have enhanced their fame by enrolling him among their members, three other Institutions of Great Britain, one American, and six in different parts of Europe, have been honoured by his acceptance of their diplomas. Three Orders of Knighthood glitter on his breast; and Her Most Gracious Majesty rejoices in him as "one of the Gentlemen of her Privy Chamber." With these numerous marks of identity, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle may feel sure, that he will never be confounded with any other person of a name not altogether "unknown to fame," even if the book itself did not bear in every page ample evidence of his originality of thought, and peculiarity of style.

Considering the number of persons who have received Foreign Orders, it is singular, that a good work on the subject had not long ago appeared. The compilations of Clark and of Hanson are the only attempts which have been hitherto made in England to describe these institutions; but a very complete list of the British subjects on whom they have been conferred, was published a few years ago, ('Calendar of Knights, containing lists of Knights Bachelors, British Knights of Foreign Orders; also Knights of the Garter, Thistle, Bath, Saint Patrick, and the Guelphic and Ionian Orders, from 1760 to the present time, by Francis Townsend, Pursuivant of Arms,') to which, as well as to the information prefixed to that volume, Mr. Carlisle has been largely indebted, though with less generosity than might have been expected from so lofty-minded a Cavalier, he has not even said that such a book was in existence.

In Mr. Carlisle's "Introduction," the rules relating to the acceptance of Foreign Orders are

professed to be laid down; but the distinction drawn in the following passage is altogether fallacious, and is evidently made to suit those persons, who have obtained Foreign Orders in violation of the established regulations: "The policy which dictated these regulations, is still observed, inasmuch as no British subject is allowed to wear the insignia of any Foreign Order of Knighthood in the Royal presence, without first obtaining His Sovereign's permission, and having the same duly registered in the College of Arms;" whence it must be inferred, that Foreign decorations may not only be accepted, but worn at all other times and places, than in the Queen's presence. The fact is, however, that it is an offence at common law, for which the party is liable to punishment, to accept any honour from a Foreign Sovereign; and a man has no right to wear the ensigns, or assume the title of "Knight of the Iron Crown," or "of the Dannebrog," or of any other Order, until he has the royal authority for that purpose. The existing rules are, that no one shall be permitted to wear a Foreign Order, unless he gained it by actual services against the enemy, or in the service of the Sovereign by whom it was bestowed. We are far, however, from admitting the justice of this principle; for, assuredly, he who benefits the world by scientific discoveries, or extends the boundaries of knowledge by his works, has as fair a claim to European distinctions, as the soldier or naval officer; and though many exceptions have been made, they have always been in favour of persons connected with the court,—the natural sons of the late King, for example. That some restraint should be imposed upon wearing Foreign honours, by persons who may have obtained them in consideration of the numerous societies to which they belong, or of books which are held in derision by their own countrymen, is unquestionable; and it might be expedient, that no other Orders should be worn in Great Britain, than those conferred by our own Sovereign, provided merit of every kind were rewarded with a generous care; and that the reproach were removed, that this is the only country in Europe, in which Science and Literature are excluded from the most distinguished and appropriate honours of the state.

Though Mr. Carlisle's work is a very imperfect compilation, abounding in errors of the grossest kind; and though either he or his translator, Mr. Jones,—of whom he says, "yet I linger on the gratification of the pleasures of friendship in my acknowledgment of the zealous assistance" he had received from that gentleman,—did not always understand what they were writing about, it is, nevertheless, superior to the works of Clark and Hanson, inasmuch as it contains an abstract of the statutes of many of the Orders. But it is doubtful whether those statutes still govern the several Orders; for what reliance can be placed on the statements of an author who is evidently ignorant that the "Holy Ghost," "Saint Michael," "Saint Louis," and every other Order of France (except the Legion of Honour), were virtually suppressed after the Revolution of 1830; who, in his account of the Legion of Honour, speaks of the Ordinance of Louis XVIII. of the 26th of March, 1816, as "the new and present establishment of that Order;" who does not notice any of the numerous alterations subsequently made by that monarch, and by Charles X.; and who says nothing of the important changes that took place on the accession of Louis Philippe, though all the ordinances on the subject, as well as those of the 25th August, 1830, 28th November, 1831, and 19th April, 1832, are printed in the 'Histoire de la Légion d'Honneur,' par M. Saint Maurice? We also

doubt whether Mr. Carlisle has consulted Mons. Perrot's well-known 'Collection Historique des Ordres de Chevalerie Civils et Militaires existant chez les différens Peuples du Monde,' wherein the various insignia of all the Orders of Europe are represented in their proper colours. Though M. Perrot's is by no means a correct work, it is infinitely more interesting and useful than Mr. Carlisle's; and it is certainly free from such absurdity as calling the Duchess of Angoulême, in 1839, the "present protectress" of the Establishment for the education of the daughters of the Knights of the Legion of Honour. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Carlisle to observe, that, as he mentions the "Crosses of July," bestowed by Louis Philippe in 1831, he must be presumed to have heard of the revolution which placed that monarch on the throne of France. But these blunders are even less flagrant than the mistakes and omissions that occur in the Lists of British subjects who have received decorations from Foreign Sovereigns, and for which the following maguiloquent paragraph is by no means a sufficient excuse, because the information might, in numerous instances, have been found in the London Gazettes.

"I am sensible that this work is imperfect, as relates to the enumeration of the several Knights,—but I have used my best endeavours to obtain the most accurate statements. Those who have neglected to comply with my public request, may possibly have done injury to their parental feelings; for, the child may learn in infancy to lisp the noble Deeds of his forefathers, and, by times, to direct his most ardent aspirations and energies to the prosperity, the happiness, the greatness, and the glory of his native land."

There are other serious objections to those Lists, besides their inaccuracy. They do not show from what period they begin; the parties are not described by their present military or naval rank; and it does not appear whether they are living or dead. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect Mr. Carlisle to have pointed out who among them have been permitted to accept and wear the respective Orders. The first names are in p. 14, where Sir Robert Wilson is called a "Knight Commander of Maria Theresa," and of several other Orders; but neither there, nor in any of the numerous places where that gallant officer is again mentioned, is the fact noticed that all those Orders were resumed by the Sovereigns who bestowed them, in the year 1821. In p. 123, the names of King George IV., the late Duke of York, and the late King (as Duke of Clarence), ought to have been inserted among the Knights of the Holy Ghost; but the Duke of Wellington's name only occurs. In p. 147, Sir Astley Cooper is called a *Grand Cross* of the Legion of Honour, which he is not; while Sir Edward Codrington, who is so, is omitted. In p. 164, twenty-one officers are called *Commanders* of the Redeemer of Greece; whereas, we believe, not more than one or two of them hold a higher rank than that of *Knight* with the *Gold Cross*, or of the Second, instead of Third Class; and Lord Nugent, who is a *Grand Commander* of the Order, is not included. In the Order of Wilhelm, p. 191, the Duke of Wellington is omitted. In p. 249, Col. Robinson is placed among the Knights *Commanders* of the Tower and Sword, whereas he is a *Knight Commander* of St. Ferdinand and Merit, of the Two Sicilies, and which is shown by every line of the paragraph itself. We doubt very much whether Mr. Sleight is, as Mr. Carlisle calls him, in p. 247, a *Grand Cross* of the Tower and Sword. P. 279, no notice is taken of Lord Adolphus and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence being Knights *Grand Cross* of the Red Eagle of Prussia; nor, in p. 303, of Lord Durham being a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, though the latter circumstance has been commented upon, over and over again, in the newspapers. Mr.

Carlisle, in p. 309, says Sir Robert Wilson is a *Grand Cross* of the Order of St. George of Russia, though within three lines it is stated that he had only the *Third Class* of that Order. In p. 310 two officers are placed under the *Second Class* of Saint George, though one of them (Acklom) never received that Order, and the other (Campbell) is expressly said to have received the *Fourth Class*; while of the six following persons (p. 311), four never were Knights of the Order of Saint George, and another has only an inferior class of it. The truth is, the Knight of Dannebrog has confused the Order of Saint Anne with that of Saint George. In p. 319 he gives the lowest class of Saint Vladimir to Sir Gore Ouseley, whose only connexion with Russia was as ambassador from this country, on which occasion he received the Order of Saint Alexander Newski, in diamonds. But it would be useless to multiply examples of the innumerable blunders which these Lists exhibit, and which, if the pun be admissible, prove that its author has a genius for *Confusion*, rather than for *Order*.

Mr. Carlisle's ideas are often clothed in words, and illustrated by metaphors, of no common character, while he indulges largely in poetical quotations, of which the application is seldom obvious. In his dedication to Sir Robert Peel, he says—

"The renown of those glorious achievements which I have endeavoured to perpetuate, is the meed not of individuals only, but of that also of the nation, as the parent of such gallant offspring. Hence it becomes a respectful duty in me to introduce their heroic actions under the auspices of a public character standing high in national esteem,—a character intimately associated with honour, ability, and patriotism."

The quotation by which he gives force to his expression of regret, that civilians are not allowed to accept Foreign Orders, is susceptible of a personal allusion, which we are far from suggesting may be just:—

Knighthoods and Honours, borne
As I wear mine, are Titles but of scorn.—P. xix.

Of the Order of the Dannebrog, the origin, we are told, "is concealed in the romantic garb of the miraculous, for its establishment, in fact, is concealed in the darkness of antiquity;" but he considers it "highly probable" that it was founded by Waldemar in 1219. The Grand Mastership of the Order of Saint Stephen is described in Mr. Carlisle's usual luminous style: "The dignity is inseparable from the crown of Hungary; when, however, the Imperial throne is occupied by a *Princess*, her successor is the Grand Master,"—p. 22. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will learn with satisfaction, from the account of the Order of Christ, which was formerly "only conferred upon those who have fought for three years against the Infidels," that they were "a people who are now no longer to be met with"—p. 233. When treating of the Orders of Prussia, Mr. Carlisle seems to have been actually inspired; and the flattery heaped upon his Prussian Majesty exposes our chivalrous writer to the suspicion of expecting to see the "Red Eagle" dangling from his button-hole.

It is refreshing to find such an original thought, and one so full of humanity, as the following, in a work on Orders of Knighthood. Speaking of the Order of the Falcon of Saxe Weimar, the world is informed, that "laws were enacted to secure falcons against snares and plots, as is now done in Germany, in the case of *nightingales*; for surely none but the *vildest Epicure* would think of eating these charming songsters." p. 355.

We are anxious to qualify, if we cannot refute, the remark, that the only motive for the publication of this work was the desire to proclaim the distinctions, Royal and Literary, which have been

so lavishly and (who can doubt?) properly showered upon its author. That Mr. Carlisle was not altogether actuated by vanity, is proved by his having forborne to state the important services for which he was rewarded by the Sovereigns of Austria, Denmark, and Hanover, though he has generally mentioned the prowess of other Knights. Indeed, in one or two instances, the merits of individuals are described at a length, and in terms, which ought to make the public ashamed of having been so long ignorant of the names of such illustrious men. Thus, three closely-printed pages are given to "John Charles Stahlschmidt, Esq.," who, having performed the important duties of Deputy Purveyor to the Hanoverian army with zeal and activity, was rewarded, not by becoming one of the "thousand and one" Knights of the Guelphs, but by receiving the gold medal of the Order, instituted for such non-commissioned officers and privates as distinguished themselves by prudence or valour in the field. The common-place testimonials of this gentleman "may," Mr. Carlisle says, "dignify any family, and these will assuredly be cherished with the most affectionate regard and care by the latest posterity of this excellent gentleman." A gentleman of the name of Colquhoun has even greater cause than Mr. Stahlschmidt to complain of being made ridiculous. Mr. Colquhoun is, it appears, Consul General of Saxony, and Diplomatic Agent and Consul General of the Hanse Towns; and His Saxon Majesty, having been pleased to give him the lowest class of his Order of Civil Merit, and the Senate of Hamburg the privileges of an honorary citizen, with an illuminated diploma, the merits of this amiable gentleman, and the paintings on his diploma, occupy three entire pages of small type.

We have sought in vain for some new information, or general deductions, or striking anecdotes, with which to relieve this account of Mr. Carlisle's book. Of the former, there is not a scintilla, and of the latter merely the following, the truth of which we rather doubt:—

"To express the sense of Gustavus, King of Sweden, of the share our brave Englishman [Sir Sidney Smith] had in the defeat of the Russian fleet in the Gulf of Viborg, he knighted him on the spot with the Grand Cross of the Noble Order of the Sword. Not satisfied with this honour, he asked Sir Sidney what he should give him, as a remembrance of Schvenko-Sund? The Knight replied, 'Your Majesty's picture.'—'No, my brave friend,' returned the King, 'you shall have your own; and he the next day sent him a fine portrait of Charles the Twelfth. The compliment was worthy of the Prince and of the British hero.'" p. 453.

We have purposely reserved for our parting notice of the learned "Esquire" and (by a sort of local rank "on the continent of Europe,") Knight, a discovery on which we warmly congratulate him, sincerely share his "singular satisfaction," and contemplate with inexpressible admiration the statesman-like and profound views with which it has impressed him; namely, that the Order of the Palm and Alligator has been lately instituted by their Sable Majesties, the Kings of the Timmanee, Mandingo, and Foulah nations of Africa!

"I feel," he says, "a singular satisfaction in being able to record the Institution of an Order of Knighthood, by the independent Kings and Chiefs of the wild regions of Sudan, on the western coast of Africa, which bespeaks an advancement, hitherto little known, in the cultivation of the blessings of civilization and humanity—blessings which must greatly be increased and confirmed by the justice, protection, and philanthropy so wisely administered to them by Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Henry Dundas Campbell, late Lieut.-Governor of the colony of Sierra Leone, and its dependencies." p. 545.

The instrument making Governor Campbell Abbas of Sudan, and conferring upon him the

Order of the Palm and Alligator, is as follows:—

"All the Kings of Sudan have praised the Christian King, although you do not know it,—but you must know for certain, and be sure, that we are the Timmanee, Mandingo, and Foulah nations, and Henry Dundas Campbell is our Sultan. All the Kings of these countries have given to him the Order of the Palm and Alligator, and they have put into his charge all the country, to restore what was destroyed and ruined." p. 550.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the sublime gravity with which Mr. Carlisle describes this precious piece of Tom Foolery in any other words than his own: and if it had occurred in any other work of this nature, we should have been aware that it was introduced as a latent, but bitter satire on the Institutions of which it purported to be a history. Mr. Carlisle, however, stands fully acquitted of so irreverent a design; and we cordially wish that he may, ere long, reap the additional, and most fitting reward, of being able to add to his numerous titles, that of "Knight of the Order of the Palm and Alligator, of the first class," followed, as we think it may be, by the *Ensigns of the Orders of the "Monkey and Cocoa-Nut,"* and of the "Banyan and Centipede," as soon as they shall be founded.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Times of George III. Second Series. By Henry Lord Brougham. Knight.

To those who have formed an estimate of the parliamentary career of the author of these Sketches, it will be matter of surprise, perhaps, to learn that he has not, in any particular, changed his mood since the publication of his former volume; and that the second is in all respects a continuation of the first. His Lordship has so much of the chameleon in his blood, and is so apt to take his colour, if not from surrounding objects, at least from his notions of them,—he partakes so largely of the *varium et mutabile* in his impulses, and is so exceedingly excitable by present impressions, to the utter forgetfulness of the foregone, that the public has long ceased to look to the past for any indication of his present opinions; and, accustomed as we are to witness very strange harlequinading transformations performed by him in yet shorter intervals, than that which has elapsed since the former issue of the *Historical Sketches*, we cannot avoid something like a shock at such unwonted preservation of identity. The thought, however, is not philosophically correct, for however capricious may be a man's fancies, and abrupt his transitions of sentiment and opinion, he can neither alter his innate constitution, nor escape from his antecedents; and it is from these that the characteristics of the Sketches are derived. The same rarity of enlarged philosophical generalizations, which we noticed in the first series, the same forensic and House-of-Commons judgment of men and things, there taken, are still prevalent in the second; and these belong both to the diffusive and desultory character of the intellectual aspirations, and to the professional habits of the man: they are not, therefore, to be carelessly shaken off, like an old "honourable friend," nor discarded like a long-cherished party opinion. Rhetorical flourishing and deep thought are with difficulty cultivated together; and it is hardly to be expected that the man who has passed his life in discussing political questions with an eye to the interests of the moment, and has been more occupied in cajoling than enlightening his audience, can at pleasure detach himself altogether from such objects, to grapple successfully with truth in its broader and more philosophic forms. It is to the want, or the neglect, of this power, that we are inclined to attribute the absence of any major and permanent interest, calculated to give a sterling

value to these showy, glittering, and certainly not unamusing volumes. It is, indeed, scarcely possible for Lord Brougham to bring his well-stored and acute mind to bear on any subject, without casting upon it lights which, whether guiding or dazzling, whether solar or pyrotechnic, will render the author and his work exciting and acceptable; but whatever merit of this cast the Sketches may possess, they must still remain less a collection for the future historian, than parlour-window essays, in *usum studiosæ juventutis* at the club-house and treasury universities. We cannot therefore but reiterate our doubt of the wisdom of such a republication of the *disjecta membra* of the critical reviewer, many of which, having strutted their hour, and effected their trimestrial purpose, might have slept with their brethren in the bound collection to which they belonged, without any considerable injury to posterity, or disadvantage to their author.

In the Introduction to the present portion of the work, Lord Brougham makes grievous complaints of the view which the press took of the first volume; and asserts that to represent it "as a republication," was a "misstatement," and "untrue." Now, with proper deference, we still think, and shall therefore repeat, that if the original matter of the Sketches had been detached from the parts which had before appeared in print, the bookseller would with difficulty have made up a saleable volume; that the public therefore required to be put into possession of the facts of the case; and that such would have been his Lordship's critical opinion, had he been sitting "in the matter" of a brother author, in his judicial capacity. But let that pass; and let us hasten to the "main object," which the writer declares he has proposed to himself, in completing his critical Sketches, and giving a permanent form to those which were originally written for an ephemeral purpose. The information is contained in the following extract from the Introduction:—

"It would be a very great mistake to suppose that there is no higher object in submitting these Sketches to the world than the gratification of curiosity respecting eminent statesmen, or even a more important purpose, the maintenance of a severe standard of taste respecting Oratorical Excellence. The main object in view has been the maintenance of a severe standard of Public Virtue, by constantly painting political profligacy in those hateful colours which are natural to it, though sometimes obscured by the lustre of talents, especially when seen through the false glare shed by success over public crimes. To show mankind who are their real benefactors—to teach them the wisdom of only exalting the friends of peace, of freedom, and of improvement—to warn them against the folly, so pernicious to themselves, of lavishing their applauses upon their worst enemies, those who disturb the tranquillity, assail the liberties, and obstruct the improvement of the world—to reclaim them from the yet worse habit, so nearly akin to vicious indulgence, of palliating cruelty and fraud committed on a large scale, by regarding the success which has attended those foul enormities, or the courage and the address with which they have been perpetrated—these are the views which have guided the pen that has attempted to sketch the History of George III.'s times, by describing the statesmen who flourished in them."

That the intention is laudable cannot be disputed; and there is, we must admit, sufficient need of such a lesson. The public at large were never more assailed by political profligacy obscured by the lustre of talents; nor were they ever more at a loss to distinguish "real benefactors" from false pretenders to probity, principle, and patriotism—disturbers of tranquillity, assailers of liberty, and obstructors of improvement, whenever such trifles happen to stand in the way of their own interests, or their revenges. "Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad," is a kind and a salutary warning; and, unlike other

warnings, it is generally given at a moment when the danger is really at hand. We shall therefore intrude upon our space by selecting a passage or two to exemplify the moral lessons to be derived from Lord Brougham's illustrations. The first refers to Neckar, who, it is well known, in moments of trying emergency, changed his opinion on one or two points of expedient practice; and, as appeared by the event, committed thereby grave errors:—

"A man so wanting in fixed opinions, or so infirm of purpose in pursuing his own views, was wholly unfit to guide the vessel of the state amidst the storms and currents of the revolutionary times. A letter which he wrote on the eve of the States' assembling has been frequently cited and even admired. 'Je vois la grande vague s'avancer; est-ce pour m'engloutir?' Had he done all in his power to turn it back, or to protect the country from its fury—nay, had he done nothing to increase its volume and to accelerate its advance—this passage might have been deemed worthy of praise. But in him whose vacillation and incapacity had been such as we have just seen, a more silly observation, or one indicating more puerile vanity, can hardly be imagined. It even betrayed a selfish absorption in the contemplation of his own fate, wholly unworthy of the man and very unlike his general character. It looked as if his whole efforts had been bestowed upon endeavours to get himself out of his difficulties—as if his own escape or his own destruction alone occupied his thoughts at the moment of the crisis which his imbecile conduct had brought upon his country."

Again:—

"Nothing can more fetter the powers of the understanding than selfish and profligate principles; nothing more disqualify men for noble enterprise; nothing more abstract, more contract the current of state affairs. The fatal influence of a bad disposition, of loose principles, of unworthy feelings, over the intellectual powers, is a topic of frequent use, not with the preacher so much as with the moral philosopher; because it is of a nature too refined for an ordinary audience. But it is an important chapter in psychology, as well as in ethics; and, unfortunately, the illustrations which it derives from facts are by no means confined to those which the secret manners of courts and the annals of absolute monarchy furnish to the student of history. Popular governments supply even more largely their quota of this contribution; because it is there chiefly that political genius can shine, and it is there that the sinister influence of bad principles interposes to obscure and to eclipse its rays."

Here, too, is another:—

"The removal of Mr. Tierney from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches was not attended with any increase either of his weight in the country, or of his powers in debate. No man certainly had a right to charge him with any violation of party duty; for he had never been connected with the regular Whig Opposition, and had been treated upon all occasions with little respect by their leaders. Yet in his opinions he agreed with them; they had always professed the same principles upon those great questions, whether of foreign or domestic policy, which divided public men; and he was now in office with statesmen who only differed from those whom he had always opposed, in the inferiority of their capacity—in having done their patrons' bidding, and in refusing to go out and let him in again when that turn was served. * * But, as has often happened to men who thus place themselves in what our French neighbours term 'a false position,' his weight in the House was not more remarkably lessened than his gift of debating was impaired. He never seemed to be thoroughly possessed of himself, or to feel at home, after taking his seat on the Treasury Bench, among the Jenkinsons, the Bragges, the Yorkes, the Percevals, and the other supporters of Mr. Addington's somewhat feeble, though certainly very useful, administration. It was drolly said of the latter—in reference to the rather useless acquisition which he appeared to have made—that he resembled the worthy but not very acute Lord who bought Punch."

To these we might add, the generous outbreak on the noble nature of Lord St. Vincent, whose admiration of Nelson's valour and success

was undisturbed by jealousy or envy, or any of the meaner feelings incident to our corrupt nature.

Lessons such as these on political tergiversation, and the postponement of country to self, can never be misplaced, so long as popular governments subsist, and man is man; and however much we may differ from Lord Brougham in our estimate of the general moral value of his Sketches, we freely acknowledge the truth and justice of these teachings, and the generosity with which they are promulgated,—a generosity the more to be prized on account of the daily applicability of the lesson to the times in which we live.

Comparing the present volume with its predecessor, we consider it more sprightly and entertaining, especially in that portion which concerns foreigners. It is not possible to cite the names of Mirabeau, Neckar, Carnot, Lafayette, and Madame de Staël, as the subjects of Lord Brougham's criticism, without anticipating a rich treat from the perusal. The opinions of such a man on the character and talents of such distinguished personages, are in themselves matter of curious speculation, and one is glad to learn what he has thought of them,—however haunted by the conviction (by the suspicion, at least,) that many of his opinions were but for the nonce. With all his constitutional levity, and his tendency to colour his permanent opinions by his transient feelings, (seeing things as it is convenient at the moment to see them,) there is still a substratum of judicious observation, a piercing perception of the real relation of things, and a practical acquaintance with the world and its passions and weaknesses, that render his estimates, when taken *cum grano salis*, worthy of consideration. There is little difficulty, indeed, in detecting the sentiments which are thrust into his judgments of the past, for the sake of the present, and are levelled against dead statesmen for the purpose of annoying and damaging those who are alive; and when these are abstracted, the rest may be treated as the remarks of an observer of no ordinary capacity and opportunity. We proceed, therefore, to appropriate some of the fruits of his experience for the benefit of our readers. Our first quotation shall be an anecdote of Sir Philip Francis, by which modern writers may largely benefit:—

"He was wont to say that he had nearly survived the good many words of assent and denial, the *yes* and *no* of our ancestors, and could now hear nothing but 'unquestionably,' 'certainly,' 'undeniably,' or 'by no means,' and 'I rather think not;' forms of speech to which he gave the most odious and contemptuous names, as effeminate and emasculated, and would turn into ridicule by caricaturing the pronunciation of the words. Thus he would draw out 'unquestionably' in a faint, childish tone, and then say, 'Gracious God! does he mean *yes*? Then why not say so at once like a man?' As for the slip-slop of some fluent talkers in society, who exclaim that they are 'so delighted,' or 'so shocked,' and speak of things being pleasing or hateful 'to a degree,' he would bear down upon them without mercy, and roar out, 'To what degree? Your word means anything, and everything, and nothing.' There needs no addition to this for the purpose of remarking how easily he was tired by proser, (those whom it is the mode to call *bored*) come they even under coronets and crowns. Once when the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to pursue at great length a narrative of little importance, Sir P. Francis, wearied out, threw back his head on his chair with a 'Well, Sir, well!' The sensitiveness of royalty at once was roused, and the historian proceeded to inflict punishment upon the uncourtly offender by repeating and lengthening his recital, after a connecting sentence, 'If Sir Philip will permit me to proceed.'—A less exalted performer in the same kind having on another occasion got him into a corner, and innocently mistaking his agitations and gestures for extreme interest in the narrative which he was administering to

his patient, was somewhat confounded when the latter, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed with an oath that 'Human nature could endure no more.'—In all this there was a consistency and an uniformity that was extremely racy and amusing. He is not now present to cry out, 'What does that mean, Sir? What would you be at? No gibberish!' and therefore it may be observed that there was something exceedingly *piquant* in this character."

In the sketch of Neckar, there occurs a remark on pedantry that is original and subtle:—

"Of that which the great vulgar are so wont to look down upon as pedantry, it may be observed, that its title to our respect is not trifling: for it necessarily implies intellectual qualifications in at least one department, and so much honesty and openness of character as will not consent, for fashion's sake, to wear a mask. It must be added that our French neighbours have always deemed pedantry and pedantic manners a much lighter offence in the code of social taste than ourselves. In the gayest circles of Paris such a taunt goes but for little—nay, is often found rather a passport to notice, if not to respect; while the less frivolous English, as they deem themselves, turn from it with aversion, or look down upon it with contempt. This difference, probably, arises from the greater zeal with which the Frenchman throws himself into any pursuit he embarks in, careless of his dignity, and fearless of the ridicule attendant upon those who go to extremes. He is, generally, therefore, prone to the very courses which are characteristic of the pedant, the man of a single idea, the enthusiast who, absorbed in a single pursuit, forgets that others sympathise little with him. He has, as it were, habitually and naturally the pedantic diathesis, and hence is either insensible to its effects on others, or easily becomes patient of them himself."

It may, however, be doubted whether his Lordship is quite correct in his application of the term, or, at least, if French pedantry be perfectly identical with English. Certainly, what we understand by the word, has very little of enthusiasm in its composition, or indeed of any very amiable quality.

In the sketch which is drawn of Neckar, there is much just appreciation of the man; but here, as in most of his other revolutionary portraits, Lord Brougham attributes more to individuals, and less to the inevitable sequence of causes and effects, than in sound philosophy he ought. It is true that individuals themselves are events, and that they modify the immediate march of the circumstances in which they are engaged; but still, had Neckar, Mirabeau, Robespierre never existed, other Neckars, Mirabeaus, and Robespierres would sooner or later have started up, brought forward, and carried forward by the same causes which gave these personages prominence. The want of a due consideration of this truth, renders Lord Brougham unjust to Neckar, whom he reproaches too severely with being beneath the occasion which called him into action. No mortal of earth's mould could have mastered the circumstances.

Of Lord Brougham's estimate of Madame de Staël, we should make a lengthened extract, if we were not satisfied that his opinions are much modified by his personal acquaintance with that lady. His panegyric is too indiscriminate and sweeping; and we imagine that the French public of the present day already regard her, both as a writer and as a politician, with less favour than her contemporaries did. We doubt much whether the actual generation would endure those "powerful displays," and that exhaustless eloquence, which, sprig in hand, she was wont to inflict upon her auditory: and we are certain that they would desire more simplicity, and more nature, than prevails in her rather verbose style. We say not this to detract from the merits of perhaps the most remarkable woman of her age and country, but we really did expect a greater acuteness of discrimination than Lord Brougham has

displayed. With the following, however, we perfectly agree:—

"The assertion so frequently made, that Madame de Staël had no wit, is true and it is false. If made absolutely, and so as to comprehend all wit, the choice of witty and pointed expressions, the striking combination of ideas, the unexpected illustration of one thing by reference to another—nothing can be more unfounded. Hardly a page of her writings but refutes it at once. But it is quite as certain that it was rather in witty expressions than in witty ideas that she abounded; and it is undeniable that she had little or no sense of the ludicrous, whether in persons or in things—and was thus without any humour or relish of humour, as well as averse to, or incapable of bringing any powers of ridicule to bear upon an adverse argument. Whoever would deny her powers of ready illustration, or of happy repartee, happy both in force and in delicacy, must have known her only through very bad reporters, persons unfair towards her, or incapable of appreciating her. —Napoleon having, during the hundred days, sent some one to express the want he felt of her to aid in establishing the constitution, received for answer—'Il s'est bien passé de constitution et de moi pendant douze ans; et à présent même il ne nous aime guère plus l'une que l'autre.'—A man of learning and talents, but of sensitive vanity, having made before her a somewhat intemperate sally—'Avouez donc, monseigneur (said she to a prelate who sat beside her), qu'il n'y a pas de chose si sottise que la vanité ne fasse faire aux gens d'esprit.'"

"The Genevan character is marked by a disposition to theorise, rather perhaps to coin little theories, small bits of doctrine, petty systems which embrace the easy corners of some subject. That Madame de Staël was wholly exempt from this besetting sin of her country it would be incorrect to affirm; but she redeemed it by the greater extent of her views in general, and by the hardihood of her speculations upon the most interesting questions; and her writings, both in subject and in style, had little indeed of that precision, self-satisfaction, microscopic feeling, which may be traced in so large a proportion of the works that come from the banks of Leman Lake."

The sketch of Carnot is among the best in the book, doing ample justice to the great merits of this extraordinary man. There is something, too, worthy of the Henry Brougham of other days, in the noble independence of spirit with which he sets cant and hypocrisy at defiance, by urging all that can be said to clear away the odious imputations against this singular person, in relation to the Committee of Public Safety. The number is small, indeed, of those who dare assert offensive truths, and shrink not from standing alone in the maintenance of justice and individual convictions. The following note contains matter of fact generally overlooked by English readers, and therefore deserves insertion:—

"It is only justice to observe, that, as the guilty are generally made answerable for more than they have perpetrated, so this body [the Committee of Public Safety] has been incorrectly supposed to have done much that was really the work of others. It never possessed any other function but that of putting persons on their trial; and the Court, it could hardly be called of justice, the Revolutionary Tribunal, was altogether the creation and generally the creature of the Convention. But even that hateful tribunal, far worse than the Committee, acquitted many more than it condemned; and as each cause was defended, so it is well known that no advocate ever suffered for the freedom of his defence. It is far from being the design of this note to lessen the execration justly felt of those crimes which covered the French name with disgrace, which paved the way for the subjugation of the Republic, which facilitated the extinction of public liberty, and indeed ended in the conquest of France. But it was observed by a sagacious and philosophical person, well acquainted with the history of his country, and to whose suggestions this sketch is greatly indebted, that the remarks in the text seemed, if unqualified, to sanction the common opinion entertained in foreign countries, which confounds together the Committee and the Revolutionary Tribunal, and cast upon the former body all that was done by the Convention and the Clubs."

Of Lafayette Lord Brougham has formed a tolerably accurate opinion, though we think that sufficient allowance is not made for the extent to which the patriarchal simplicity of the man palsied his judgments, and restrained him from courses which would have relieved less scrupulous and conscientious actors from the charge of inefficiency. The following extract, however, runs above the general character of Lord Brougham's philosophy, and merits consideration:—

"In America, the only qualities required for gaining him the love and confidence of the people whom he had come to serve, were the gallantry of a chivalrous young man, the ingenuous frankness of his nature and his age, and his modest observance of their great chief. To these he added more than a fair share of talents for military affairs, and never committed a single error, either of judgment or temper, that could ruffle the current of public opinion which set so strongly in towards him, from the admiration of his generous enthusiasm for the independent cause. Above all, no crisis ever arose in American affairs which could make the choice of his course a matter of the least doubt. Washington was his polar star, and to steer by that steady light was to pursue the path of the purest virtue, the most consummate wisdom. In France, the scene was widely different. Far from having a single point in controversy, like the champions of separation in the New World, the revolutionists of the Old had let loose the whole questions involved in the structure of the social system. * * The whole foundations of government, nay, of society itself, were laid bare, every stone that lay on another shaken, and all the superstructure taken to pieces, that it might be built up anew, on a different plan, if not on a different basis. To do this mighty work, the nation, far from having one leader of prominent authority, split itself into numberless factions. * * A whole people had broke loose from all restraint; and while the difficulty and embarrassment of these mighty intestine commotions would have been above the reach of any wisdom and the control of any firmness, had they raged alone, it was incalculably aggravated and complicated by the menacing attitude which all Europe assumed. * * Such was the scene into which Lafayette found himself flung, with the feeble aid of his American experience, about as likely to qualify him for successfully performing his part in it, as the experience of a village schoolmaster or a small land-steward may be fitted to accomplish the ruler of a kingdom. This diversity, however, he was far from perceiving, and it is even doubtful if to the last he had discovered it. Hence his views were often narrow and contracted to an amazing degree: he could not comprehend how things which had succeeded in the councils of America should fail with the mob of Paris. He seems never to have been aware of the dangers of violence, which are as inseparably connected with all revolution as heat is with fire or motion with explosion. His calculations were made on a system which took no account of the agents that were to work it. His mechanism was formed on a theory that left out all consideration of the materials it was composed of—far more of their friction or of the air's resistance; and when it stuck fast on the first movement, or broke to pieces on the least stroke, he stood aghast, as if the laws of nature had been suspended, when it was only that the artist had never taken the trouble of consulting them."

The character of Lafayette is ably and accurately summed up, and with that we must conclude:—

"That the capacity of Lafayette was far less eminent than his virtues, we have already had frequent opportunity to remark. To eloquence he made no pretensions, but his written compositions are of great merit; clear, plain, sensible, often forcible in the expression of just sentiment and natural feeling, always marked with the sincerity so characteristic of the man. His conversation was unavoidably interesting, after all he had seen and had suffered; but his anecdotes of the American War and French Revolution were given with a peculiar liveliness and grace, set off with a modesty and a candour alike attractive to the listener. He was extremely well informed upon most general subjects; had read history with care and discrimination; had treasured up

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the lessons of his own experience; was over-scrupulous in his applications of these to practice, somewhat apt to see all things through the medium of American views, generally forgetting the progress that men had made since 1777, and almost always ready to abandon what he was engaged in, if it could not be carried on precisely according to his own conscientious views of what was prudent and right. But in private life he was faultless: kind, warm-hearted, mild, tolerant of all differences civil and religious, venerated in his family, beloved by his friends, and respected even in his manifest errors by all with whom he ever held any intercourse. The appearance of such a personage at any time is of rare occurrence; but by one whose life was spent in courts, in camps, in the turmoil of faction, in the disturbances of civil war, in the extremities of revolutionary violence, it may well be deemed a wonder that such a character should be displayed even for a season, and little short of a miracle that such virtue should walk through such scenes untouched.

We have spoken of these Historical Sketches with some asperity; the more so, perhaps, for the very respect which we entertain for Lord Brougham's extensive acquirements and powerful grasp of mind. From ordinary writers we expect less, and our judgment would have been more favourable; but our disappointment amounts almost to indignation, when we see such a man giving up, not "to a party,"—but to much more trifling considerations—"what was meant for mankind;" and writing ponderous pamphlets for the purpose of indulging a splenetic humour. Lord Brougham should be more chary of a reputation which was once dear to the friends of human improvement; and which may again become so, notwithstanding his many perverse efforts to engender other feelings in the hearts of his countrymen.

A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor. By Charles Fellows. Murray.

There is perhaps no portion of the globe which, viewed in its geographical relations, would seem to have been predestined to a more brilliant and prosperous history than the western peninsula, which, in the decline of the Empire, received the name of Asia Minor, and subsequently of Anatolia. Almost girdled by the Euxine, the Hellespont, the Propontis, and the Ægean, it easily communicated with the most flourishing nations of antiquity; its noble harbours were open to the commerce of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece; while its well-watered and fertile valleys were rich in all the natural productions which were valued in commerce as articles of luxury or necessity. The Greek colonies established on its coast became more wealthy, flourishing, and magnificent than the parent states; the earliest Greek poet and the earliest Greek historian were natives of Asiatic colonies, and the cities of Ephesus, Miletus, and Cyzicus rivalled Athens and Corinth in their monuments of art. Earth holds not a country so fallen from its high estate. "Ichabod" is written, not merely on its temples and palaces, but on the very physical aspect of the country; even the very ruins of its cities have perished, its plains are uncultivated, its rivers have changed their course. Few travellers in modern times have ventured to traverse this interesting country, and most of these have limited their attention to the remains of the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse; Mr. Fellows, however, has been so fortunate as to visit some portions of the interior hitherto unpenetrated by Europeans, and with such success in the way of discovery, that we have heard with great satisfaction that others, of our countrymen, are about to follow his example.

We gave so copious an abstract of the account which Mr. Fellows himself lately submitted to the Geographical Society, of his general route (No. 598), that we shall on the present occasion

confine ourselves to the sketches of men and manners to be found in his valuable and unpretending journal. One custom, first noticed by Mr. Fellows, explains a peculiarity in Grecian architecture, which has sadly perplexed antiquarians:—

"In all Turkish towns are found a vast number of skeletons of the domestic animals, affording ample opportunity for studying the anatomy of the camel, cow, horse, ass, and ox; the dogs begin, and the sun and wind complete, the bleaching of the skeleton. The head of the ox alone escapes this fate; in cultivated districts it is placed on a stick, or hung on a tree, as a scare-crow. This custom prevails in Greece as well as here: the heads are always beautifully white, and retain the horns, which are in this part of the world exceedingly short and thick. The skull, with its horns, has thus been constantly presented to the eye of the Greek artist blanched white as marble, and hence the introduction of precisely this figure in the friezes of their architecture; and perhaps the vine or clematis wreathing about the horns may have suggested the frequent accompaniment of this ornament. It appears to me the more evident that this is the real origin, from its being the skeleton of the head that is depicted. Had the figure been in honour of, or connected with the worship of, the Bull, why not have exhibited the living head, which is rarely given?"

A rapid sketch of the memorable plains of Troy furnishes us with some particulars of their present condition, which we do not remember to have seen previously noticed:—

"The poetical idea of the plains of Troy, the arena of Homer's battles, is frequently disturbed in passing the flat, sandy, and marshy ground, by seeing its present inhabitants,—the buffalo, with all but its head immersed in the swamps, the heron feeding in the shallow streams, and the frogs, whose voices certainly vary more than that of any other animal, sounding at different times like crying children, barking dogs, pigeons, and crows; and when in great numbers, producing a harmony almost as agreeable as the singing of birds. On the banks or sandy places the helpless tortoise is crawling sleepily along, and as we pass timidly draws in its head. They are so numerous that I often turn my horse out of the way to avoid them, although doubtless their hard shell would sufficiently protect them from injury. The dead ones lying about lose their outer shell, and become perfectly white, of a limy bone, with the horny scales scattered around."

After a brief tour through the Troad, Mr. Fellows proceeded to Constantinople, which is fast losing its striking peculiarities; he observed that the new dresses and habits do not harmonize very well with the Turkish character, and mentions several ludicrous incongruities:—

"Curious instances are shown of the difficulty of subduing the prejudices of an ignorant people. One very unpopular reform which the Sultan had to effect, in the formation of his troops, was that of their wearing *braces*, a necessary accompaniment to the trousers: and why? because these form a cross, the badge of the infidel, upon the back: many, indeed, will submit to severe punishment, and even death, for disobedience to military orders, rather than bear upon their persons this sign, hostile to their religion. No one can appreciate the difficulty of making the first change among this people, without knowing their character: succeeding changes will follow with comparatively little opposition. It is amusing to see the longing after old habits, which have become in fact the very nature of the older people: their beards are rather concealed than cut off; and, in spite of the plain blue frock-coat, I often see beneath it costly embroidered vests. This habitual indulgence in variety and extravagance of dress, it will require time to subdue."

After leaving Constantinople, and crossing over to the Asiatic coast, Mr. Fellows passed through ancient Bithynia, and thence entered Phrygia, where Turkish customs have been as yet undisturbed by the visits of Europeans. At the little village of Arracoe, he met a characteristic trait of Eastern hospitality:—

"I was beginning to make my meal upon the

food we had with us, when in came nine people each bearing a dish. A large tray was raised on the rim of a corn-sieve placed on the ground, in the centre of which was put a tureen of soup, with pieces of bread around it. The stranger, my servant, and a person who seemed to be the head man of the village sat round the tray, dipping their wooden spoons or fingers into each dish as it was placed in succession before them. Of the nine dishes I observed three were of soups. I asked why this was, and who was to pay for the repast; and was informed that it is the custom of the people, strictly enjoined by their religion, that, as soon as a stranger appears, each peasant should bring his dish; he himself remaining to partake of it after the stranger has fed,—a sort of picnic, of which the stranger partakes without contributing. The hospitality extends to everything he requires; his horse is fed, and wood is brought for his fire, each inhabitant feeling honoured by offering something. This custom accounts for the frequent recurrence of the same dish, as no one knows what his neighbour will contribute. Towards a Turkish guest this practice is perfectly disinterested, but from an European they may possibly have been led to expect some kind of return, although to offer payment would be an insult. The whole of the contributors afterwards sit down and eat in another part of the room."

The honesty of this primitive people is not less remarkable than their hospitality:—

"About three miles from the town [of Adalia] my servant found that his greatcoat had fallen from his horse; riding back for two miles, he saw a poor man bringing wood and charcoal from the hills upon asses. On asking him if he had seen the coat, he said that he had found it, and had taken it to a water-mill on the road-side, having shown it to all the persons he met, that they might assist in finding its owner; on offering him money, he refused it, saying, with great simplicity, that the coat was not his, and that it was quite safe with the miller. My servant then rode to the house of the miller, who immediately gave it up, he also refusing to receive any reward, and saying, that he should have hung it up at the door, had he not been about to go down to the town. The honesty, perhaps, may not be surprising, but the refusal of money is certainly a trait of character which has not been assigned to the Turks."

The ruins of the ancient city of Xanthus, in Lydia, were among the most interesting of the relics of antiquity discovered by Mr. Fellows, and many of the drawings of the sculptured tombs and monuments will excite an extraordinary interest among our architects and artists; but as it is probable that some of them will, ere long, be deposited in the British Museum, we shall for the present pass over antiquarian discussions, and turn to the description of the modern town of Tralles during a fair:—

"The modern town, which is of considerable extent, has the appearance of a village, from the number of trees growing among the houses. Bazaars form the streets, which, as usual, are completely shaded from the sun; but here trees supply the place of the mats which are used for the purpose in most towns. The market-day occurred while I was here. I have in England been at fairs and races, and have witnessed the commemoration days in Paris, and the masquerades and carnivals in Catania and Naples; but all fall short, in gay variety and general beauty of costume, of this Turkish market. The foliage of the plants and trees growing in the streets formed a pleasant relief to the dazzling whiteness of the veils, and the splendid colours of the embroidered trousers, of the multitudes of women attending the market; light blue worked with silver was very commonly seen in the dresses of the peasants, and every turban had its bunch of roses or other flowers. The noise of voices was louder than is usual in scenes of the kind; for the passing of camels and loaded asses through the crowd called forth continually the warning voice of the driver. The women had their children tied on their backs, and these, with the gay colour of their dresses and their heads ornamented with coins, contributed their part to the general picturesque effect."

After having visited Sardis, the ancient capital

of the Lydian kings, Mr. Fellows returned to Smyrna; on his road he observed some particulars in the treatment of the camel, which are illustrative of the docility of that valuable animal:—

"Strings of camels are continually passing, each comprising about forty-five, and headed by a man upon an ass, who leads the first, the others being mostly connected by slight cords. It is a beautiful sight to see the perfect training and docility of these animals. The caravans, as the weather is becoming warmer, are beginning to travel by night, generally halting at about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string of them stopping on an open plain: a child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first; a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal. This grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket, to browse during the day; and this was done to each of the forty-five, which all unbidden had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal in the afternoon, at about three o'clock, every camel resumed its own place, and knelt between its bales, which were again attached, and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course. I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children; for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent in the midst of the sleeping children, while their long bodies remained outside."

As several visitors of the East have announced their intention of examining Asia Minor, we think it well to mention some aids to investigation, which are generally neglected. Greek and Roman inscriptions should not exclusively engage attention—search should be made for arrow-headed inscriptions, such as those at Persepolis, which doubtless must have existed in so important a part of the ancient Persian empire. It would be highly advantageous to a traveller to spend some time in the Armenian College of San Lazzaro, at Venice, before visiting Anatolia. The Armenian monasteries generally possess libraries, of whose extent or value we have very imperfect accounts; it may be too much to hope for the recovery of the lost classics, even in palimpsests, but it is highly probable that Armenian translations of them may be obtained. Contemporary histories of the crusades exist in the Armenian language, from which valuable information respecting the state of Western Asia during these wars may reasonably be expected. Finally, we trust that the antiquities of the Middle Ages will not be wholly neglected by future investigators, and that they will seek out traces of the Christian hosts that attempted to reach Syria by traversing the rugged defiles of this interesting peninsula.

A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne on the Establishment of a Board of National Education. By R. I. Wilberforce, M.A. Murray. *National Religious Education.* By the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, M.A. Hastings.

We have so long and so earnestly endeavoured to awaken public attention to the urgent necessity of establishing, on a large and comprehensive scale, a system of National Education, that we cannot now shrink from the responsibility, even though the subject must, we fear, for the future be considered as a mere party question. That it should be so, is, indeed, only another phasis of old fanaticism; for, as the degenerate people of declining Rome evinced in their Circus

that the meanest and most trifling subject might be successfully used as the instrument of faction, so we have here proof that there is none so high and holy as to bespeak its forbearance.

That a question of such grave concern,—involving no less than the happiness, temporal and spiritual, of countless generations,—can thus be treated, and the ardent desires of all enlightened persons be baffled and set at naught, is not difficult to explain. The cry for education is the consequence of a prevailing sense of the deficiency of education; and that very deficiency prevents the uniformity of judgment necessary to insure success. The desire for education is indeed general; but it is not an enlightened desire; and the question touches so closely on the prejudices of the people, that no theme is better suited to the purposes of delusion and mystification. Against this delusion it is our especial duty to contend. As literary journalists, we hold it a part of our higher and more sacred functions to contribute our utmost assistance to the revival of those general principles on which the question rests, and which alone can lead the public to a calm and a sound conclusion. The habitual neglect of general principles has been long growing upon us as a people; and to that especial defect may be attributed the doubt and obscurity which beset, not merely the subject of education, but almost every other department of political ethics.

Under the general term "education" are included many particulars, of a very various and independent nature: these may be sufficiently distinguished, for all present purposes, by the three subordinates—intellectual, moral, and religious education. As to intellectual education, there is little to be said: most reasoners agree that positive science may be taught by any competent person, whatever may be the character of his speculative opinions. Mr. Wilberforce, indeed, with the characteristic exaggeration of his family, asserts that even this department may be made the instrument of abuse:—

"If any part of this field of inquiry could be altogether detached from moral considerations, it would, of course, be the abstract sciences. Yet even here the character of the master has great influence on his pupils. A clergyman not long since visited a village school, in a place notoriously addicted to smuggling. The boys were employed in ciphering. There was nothing in this, you will say, which could touch on moral and religious duty; here the Divine might give place to the Aristarchus of the village. 'What sum,' he asks, 'are they engaged upon?' The final profit of a smuggling speculation, provided one cargo in three were run successfully. If arithmetic could thus become a lesson on the advantages of deceiving the coast guard and defrauding the revenue, what subject may not, by dexterous management, supply a means for influencing the ductile minds of children? That grammar may be made political has been already shown by Cobbett. And would not Rome or Geneva be somewhat differently spoken of according as a Roman Catholic or a Presbyterian were teacher of geography?"

Such a suspicion is only not absurd in a class of enthusiasts, who are accustomed to ride their own hobbies "in season and out of season," and who, should they take a fancy to smuggling, would, in all probability, not merely confine themselves to the practices of the Aristarchus above quoted, but would denounce the abomination of custom-house officers in novels and tracts, and would tell young women that there is no hope of matrimony for those who tolerate a yard of ribbon that has paid duty. Such abuses, however, are so easily guarded against, that Mr. Wilberforce himself would hardly lay much stress on the argument, at a moment when he was less heated by the ardour of literary composition. We hold, therefore, notwithstanding his instances, that on those parts of education on which all men are agreed, no jealousy is really

entertained by any, as to the hands to which public instruction shall be committed.

But it is urged, that intellectual education is worse than useless, if unaccompanied by moral instruction; and that morality must be based on the sanctions of religion. That knowledge is power, and that an educated man, wanting in common morality, will prove a more accomplished scoundrel than an unlettered rogue, may be conceded; but this only proves that the power should be as widely distributed as possible, and is no fit subject for monopoly: whereas our present system, so far as the humbler classes are concerned, is to educate exclusively all promising young rogues—our housebreakers, pickpockets, and thieves, in general, are, in their way, highly educated, and there are public instructors enough who, like poor Oliver Twist's friend, Fagin, labour zealously in their vocation. But we have discussed this question before (No. 486).

We allow also, that the very small portion of morality which depends on doctrine (for the larger proportion results from example, and is confirmed by habit) might, if necessary, be as conveniently taught in schools as elsewhere;—nay, we even believe that the great fundamentals of religion could, with a little common honesty, be so inculcated there, as to shock no man's prejudices; but sectarians, in their knowledge, or their ignorance of their rivals, will not trust each other. Besides, they who are hostile to the proposed model schools, are desirous to embrace in the course of tuition the peculiar doctrines of their own particular sect of religionists, including a multiplicity of dogmas on which a general agreement is notoriously impossible. The debate then, though professedly concerning a question of education, really turns on religious tolerance, and the religious rights of the British subject. The fact is fully set forth in this single resolution, adopted at a recent public meeting of the friends of the establishment,—that "it is of the highest importance to provide, that instruction in the truths and precepts of Christianity should form an essential part of every system of education for the people at large; and that such instruction should be under the superintendence of the clergy, and in conformity with the doctrines of the church of this realm, as the recognized teacher of religion."

With every respect for the dignified personages who adopted the resolution, we must state our opinion, either that its contents embody a palpable *non sequitur*, or that it is nothing more or less, than what was of old considered as pure undisguised Popery. Either the doctrines and precepts of the church are here assumed to be exclusively those of Christianity, or the asserted "highest importance" falls to the ground. Nay, more, if all other religious sects are not dogmatically assumed to be the upholders of egregious errors, it is clear that, where many sects are to be trained, it must be precisely the matter of importance that no single sect should have exclusive power over education. The true meaning and intention of the resolution is, indeed, clear enough; namely, that education must be committed to the clergy, because they alone are the depositories of the one true and saving faith. On this point we have the concurrent evidence of the Rev. R. W. Dibdin,—“Believing,” he says, “as I do, that all power in heaven and earth is committed unto Christ, I cannot believe that he will suffer us, as a nation, to support with impunity some teachers who deny his divinity, and others who depreciate his atonement by denying its sufficiency.” How far this opinion in its application to the proposed measure is unjust and calumnious we need not stop to examine; but that, whether put forward by Churchman or Dissenter, it is pure Popery in principle, and the very founda-

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tion of all that we Protestants reject in the Roman Catholic discipline, must, on the slightest consideration, become manifest.

In matters of faith, there are but two possible principles for adoption—the imposition of a creed by absolute authority, or an acknowledgment of the unbounded right of every man (as confessedly alone answerable for the consequences of his own decision) to judge for himself. The former is Popery, the latter Protestantism; and between them there is no *mezzo termine*, no grounds for Jesuitical distinctions. One man has, on the Protestant principle, as good a right to private judgment as another, and has an equal right to have that judgment respected in all its legitimate consequences. To impugn this right by restrictions, civil or religious, in any particular, is, to that extent, despotism, or Popery. In point of fact, Protestantism is as much directed against an assumption, on the part of the State, of a control over the creed of the people, as against the Pope for imposing one particular creed. The Scotch Protestants successfully rebelled against this usurpation, while the struggle against it in England has been the cause of two revolutions.

But in the present state of the public mind, it may be most useful to touch on the practical consequences of this system of exclusion. Its chief advocates profess an ardent desire to see the people educated; but he who really desires an end, should desire the means essential to its accomplishment: it is absurd to profess to seek an object, and at the same time insist on a *sine qua non* condition, which renders that object unattainable. In education, there must be two parties, the teacher and the pupil. It is to no purpose that the former is willing to instruct, if the latter will not come in to his tuition,—under such circumstances, education is impossible. To place the clergy of any one sect at the head of national education, is to decree that there shall be no education at all. Each and every sect has a perfect right to think its own the only true faith; but, in the present position of the world, they cannot act on the thought: for the Catholics will not believe the Protestants, nor Protestants the Catholics; and the East Kent Baptists have told the Established Church that their truth is “a pernicious heresy,” to be abhorred. If such be the overreaching character of religious zeal, then education must be placed upon some ground which shall be neutral to all. The Bishop of London has very feelingly lamented, that thousands of neglected children are wandering through the streets, “in danger of perishing eternally, for want of education.” Will this evil be lessened by affixing unpalatable conditions to tuition? or can the right reverend divine imagine, that an educated man, however taught, is further off from the chances of vital Christianity, than the wandering disciples of police discipline? Lord Abinger also, professing himself no enemy to toleration, protests against the nation giving other education than that of the established religion. We cannot but ask him, why? The pretence to a right of preventing any man from educating his own children in his own way, is solemnly abjured: but what avails the acknowledgment of the abstract proposition, when the privilege is practically confined to him only who can pay for it? If every man could educate his own child, national education by the State would be a useless and an absurd interference with private rights. It is because the poor cannot discharge this paramount duty, that the State interferes. If then the State confines education within the pale of the establishment, it practically denies the religious rights of the dissenting pauper, while it as assuredly defeats its own proposed end in undertaking the business. Would any one dare to refuse bread to all but conforming

paupers? or is the bread of intellectual life less an indefeasible right, than that material daily bread for which we are divinely taught to pray?

But the expediency of an universal secular education, tied down to no sectarian influences, is not denied by churchmen alone. There is abroad, in other quarters, a dread of indifference in religious matters. But if general religious instruction cannot be separated from sectarianism, without incurring the risk of lapsing into indifference, then, some sect must assume the control; and as no man can sincerely desire to give up his child to a hostile sect, what else can he intend in opposing a liberal system, than the exclusive tolerance of his own.

Truth (it is undeniable,) must be one, and the teaching of error is abstractedly an evil to be lamented; but the danger must be submitted to, as unavoidable, so long as mankind cannot agree on what truth is. With regard to religion more especially, this is eminently the case. But what is meant by this danger of indifference? not surely that an honest and fair teaching of the great truths of the moral government of the world, and of man's salvation through Christ, will tend to make men indifferent to these awful yet consolatory doctrines. No one will assert, that a state of brutal ignorance, such as now too extensively prevails, is less pregnant with irreligion, than an education even the most loosely general in the elements of religion. The only possible danger, if any, must be lest men should learn to think the universal truths of Christianity more important than the minor and more obscure points, on which no universal agreement is attainable,—and more especially than those peculiar doctrines, which the party opposing national education thinks important, because they are the shibboleth of his own creed. Popery, we have seen, has signally failed in its attempt to compel mankind to admit universally its own special doctrines: and can Lutherans or Calvinists, or Unitarians, or any other sect or party, flatter themselves that they can attain the end? On this point it is evident that there is a prevalent want of clear and definite ideas; and that many conscientious persons are eagerly seeking things absolutely incompatible.

Among the many sophisms which surround this question, perhaps the most palpable is, that we are under a necessity of choosing between rival sects, in order to insure religious education. No education confessedly is complete, that includes not with intellectual instruction the lessons of a sound and enlightened morality; but it does not follow from this truth that the two must be inculcated together in the same time and in the same place. As well might it be contended that the student should “spout out Homer's Greek” while under the hands of his dancing-master. On this point, practice has already decided; and we appeal to every man educated in our public schools to say, what lessons of morality they received there, beyond those addressed from the pulpit of the college chapel. This is no fault of the masters. Two pursuits cannot concurrently be as well conducted as separately; and it is but rational to anticipate that if our schoolmasters are to turn school divines, either religion and morals will risk being slobbered over in the zeal for intellectual improvement, or temporal learning may be banished to make room for theology.

Man, it must be borne in mind, is not all spiritual; he possesses a body, and the wants of the body must be considered. Reading, writing, secular knowledge, and the practice of the mechanical arts, are not parts of religion, nor in any way dependent on it; and a clerical hierarchy was founded for the very purpose of keeping religious instruction distinct from the already established secular. The accidents of

the middle age civilization, indeed, eventually threw the business of the pedagogue into the hands of the churchman, and the point is by no means settled how far either branch has benefited by the union. The practice, however, has long prevailed, and we have admitted, on that account, that some convenience would flow from the whole round of national education being conducted under the same roof, and by the same teacher. But that convenience all evaporates with the assumption, that a teacher must belong to some particular sect, while the pupils are of all. We are inclined then to believe, that there is no rational hope of effecting a conjoint tuition. We think that no act of parliament will persuade rival sects in religion to confide in each other; and that the attempt to make the schoolmaster represent the divine, will strike the whole scheme of national education with palsy. On the other hand, a separate school education neither silences the preacher, nor impairs the discipline of any peculiar sect: on the contrary, in an educated subject, the preacher has a better material to work upon; and if such a one lapses into indifference, it must be because his own church does not take him up where the general instructor leaves him.

But while opinion is forming on this point, is secular education to remain as it is? Is nothing to be done till Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, can compose their differences, and remember that they are men? We know that many who have hitherto warmly advocated a public endowment of national schools, are beginning to waver, and to fancy that such institutions are suited only to despotic states, where the absolute will of one master can enforce universal obedience and subjugate sectarian jealousies. We, however, bate no jot of heart or hope: our faith is unshaken in the ultimate establishment of truth and of justice, in defiance of all opposition: we look on the progress of the last thirty years, and we cannot doubt of its influences on the generations which are to come.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

AMONG the many startling innovations which have been wrought in the productive world by means of the steam-engine, it has always been a source of surprise to us that no one has hitherto thought of applying its powers to the manufacture of poetry. The idea may appear somewhat startling to a few sceptics of the old school—the “*Laudatores temporis acti*”—who are accustomed to look on the inventions of “us youth” with an incredulous and scornful eye; but those who have witnessed the more than Promethean skill by which a Babbage has succeeded in giving intellect to iron, and making metals multiply like men, surely need not despair of seeing the time when song shall be, in reality, what it is too often metaphorically—a purely mechanical operation—and engines of forty-horse power shall supersede the necessity of individual aspirations. Happy, in truth, are we, the petted children of the world's old age, for whom exists no incentive for invention, and scarcely any necessity for thought. For us, the rough places of the real world are made smooth, and the lofty heights of science, the eagle's haunt of old, are made inhabitable by the dove:—the children of the world's youth, the unforgotten spirits of the olden time, have been the pioneers to prepare the way before us: their pilgrim feet bedewed with blood the sharp and stony paths of intellectual toil, to make it easy and pleasant for after travellers: they were the early martyrs of the mind, who died in bequeathing to us the glorious revelations which they had won. But of the many who have profited by their labours, who is so deeply indebted to them as the poet?—we mean, emphatically, the poet of the present day. Where shall we find another whose wants have been anticipated, and whose exigencies supplied at once so widely and so well? For him Shakespeare Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.

For him Milton made the earth one echo of his song divine. For him Pope has given music, and Byron

passion, to his land's language; and a thousand nameless harps have given birth to such sounds as memory will not "willingly let die." Nor can we, with any show of justice, charge these inheritors of ancestral wealth with being insensible to the riches thus placed within their reach. They have partaken of the good which the gods provided for them, with all the dignity of innocence, and its accompanying security. They have drained the nigh exhausted wine cups, and snatched the chaplets from the foreheads of its sleep-stricken banquetters. What then remains, if, as we fear, invention has fulfilled her mission, and Originality's self can find no novelty whereon to feed,—if the height, and depth, and breadth of human passion, and natural beauty, have been sounded and explored,—if the earth hath no wonders, and the sky no star-secrets for the poet henceforward to question,—if all future poetry must have its birth in some new combination of old words and thoughts already existing, like the changes wrought by the beads and glasses in the kaleidoscope,—what remains but to take from the intellect a task which is unworthy of her, and intrust a process so purely mechanical to the physical agency of all-powerful steam? That these remarks have not been introduced for the purpose of conveying any individual censure, will be sufficiently evident, from the fact of our being, at the outset, called on to record at least one exception—

The Deluge, a Drama, in twelve Scenes, by J. E. Reade.—Mr. Reade is the author of 'Italy,' a poem, of which a critique appeared in the *Athenæum* (No. 557), embodying some reflections on its obvious imitation of Lord Byron's works, *passim*, and 'Childe Harold' in particular. We must own, that the title of Mr. Reade's next announced work, 'The Deluge,' did appear to us confirmatory of an idea which we had previously formed, viz., that he had mistaken his admiration of Lord Byron for an inspiration of his own, and we confidently expected a new dilution of his Lordship's drama on the same subject—a 'Heaven and Earth,' the one divested of its beauty, and the other of its power; in short, a kind of second-hand inundation, befitting the universe of Sadler's Wells. The groundlessness of these anticipations was soon apparent. *The Reade* on which we leant, gave way even at the threshold; and we were astonished to find, that instead of rebuking the author of the 'Deluge' as an imitator, we were bound to acknowledge him as the *originator* of one of the most sublime poems to which even the genius of Byron was supposed to have given birth. The truth of this assertion will be apparent from the following advertisement, which the author (doubtless acted on by former strictures) has prefixed to the present volume:—

"The author of the drama of 'The Deluge' feels it especially incumbent on him to state, that it was completed some years before the publication of a poem in the year 1829, entitled 'Cain the Wanderer,' anticipating in point of time Moore's 'Loves of the Angels,' and the subsequent and analogous *Drama of Lord Byron*."

Of course, our only remaining duty is to point out, as briefly as we may, a few of the more obvious instances in which Byron has condescended to appropriate Mr. Reade's unpublished thoughts without acknowledgment. In the first place, we cannot but express our extreme wonder that his Lordship, not content with much of the language, should have helped himself to the whole of Mr. Reade's *dramatis personæ*: not content with enlisting his two lover-angels, and their mortal brides, abstracting his Patriarch (though, perhaps, that was a crime of necessity) and adopting his two sons, he has gone the length of obtaining his Archangel, on what we must consider false pretences,—having, however, taken the precaution of changing his name for fear he should be recognized; for, curiously enough, we find, from a note on the drama of 'Heaven and Earth,' that the celestial messenger who first appeared under the name of Michael afterwards assumed the *alias* of Raphael, doubtless for the reasons above mentioned. When we add, that the plot (if plot there be) is almost identical in both dramas, and that in situation and in language there exists such a similarity, as to leave no doubt of the one having been copied from the other, we think our readers will join with us in commending the philosophical

resignation with which Mr. Reade has seen his labours appropriated, and his laurels worn by one, who, like the rich man of the parable, had flocks and herds enough of his own without sending for the pet lamb of his less affluent neighbour; and we hope that Mr. D'Israeli in his next edition of the 'Quarrels of Authors' will not forget to insert as the "exception which proves the rule," this surprising instance of literary pliability. We have not space to enter into any detailed comparison of the two works, but must content ourselves with producing one or two passages, which, however insignificant in themselves, will be quite sufficient to prove the plagiarism. In Mr. Reade's original 'Deluge,' we find Astarte thus alluding to her mortality, and anticipating the time when her seraph lover shall sorrow over her tomb:—

Yet ev'n when meeting his immortal eyes
Looking on me as if I were his equal,
I sigh remembering my mortality;
And then the tears start from me when I think
That he shall one day mourn the child of dust,
Then turn to Heaven—forgetting her for ever!

We turn to 'Heaven and Earth' and find Anah (the Astarte of the poem) thus apostrophizing her absent angel:—

I should have loved
Azazel not less were he mortal; yet
I'm glad he is not. I cannot outlive him—
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest—Death becomes
Less terrible.

That these passages, however modified by alteration of expression, are mother and daughter, no one can well doubt; and while we are compelled to admit that Byron has somewhat improved upon the original, we cannot but regret the want of principle which led to its abstraction. We are truly sorry too to find a person hitherto of so irreproachable a character as the late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, in the same category, but so it is—"Amicus Milman, sed magis amica veritas," and the truth must out. Mr. Reade makes his angel Israphil say,—"I look'd thro' the infinity of space,
When far—upon the very verge extreme
Of angel's ken—I saw the fiery plague,
The flaming messenger—the star of wrath—
Urging thro' worlds recoiling its fierce way,
And sparing them, perchance to turn on this.

Thus poetically, but unscrupulously, personified by the author of 'Belshazzar,' in the destroying angel of that poem:—

But as I sail'd my long and trackless voyage
Down the deep bosom of unbounded space,
The manifest bearer of Almighty wrath,
I saw the angel of each separate star,
Folding his wings in terror o'er his orb
Of golden fire; and shuddering till I past,
To pour elsewhere Jehovah's cup of vengeance.

As, however, our only object is to show by internal evidence that one of the productions must necessarily have been largely indebted to the other, we shall content ourselves with one more extract. Mr. Reade's Azora, who answers to Lord Byron's Aholibamah, thus addresses her angel:—

And now I shall not feel life's slow decay,
Changing and withering—but pass away,
Like a brief sunbeam, bright, but overcast:
But thou wilt think of me when I am past:
And if I turn on thee a tearless eye
'Tis I am happy such a death to die.

In a like strain discourses Aholibamah on a similar occasion:—

Aholibamah. Fly—
And as your pinions bear ye back to Heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
Samsara.
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep.

However slight may be the resemblance between these two passages, it is perfectly evident that they could not have been put into the mouth of the same individual, on the same occasion, and addressed to the same person, by Lord Byron, without a previous acquaintance with Mr. Reade's poem; and (assuming the latter gentleman's chronology to be correct) we think that he has shown great forbearance in not even having alluded to the wonderful likeness which exists between the two, and which can only be accounted for on the score of relationship. It is to be regretted that Mr. Reade did not publish the poem during Byron's lifetime, in order to afford his Lordship an opportunity of explaining away so curious a coincidence.

It would certainly appear that our opening animal-adversions were fated to be unfortunate, for scarcely

have we made the "amende honorable" to Mr. Reade, than we find ourselves in a similar predicament with regard to some dozen or more dramatic aspirants, whose productions, whatever their more recondite merits may be, are assuredly *original*. We can, however, find room only for a specimen of one.—*The Cathedral Bell, a Tragedy*, by Jacob Jones,—and we are induced to make this exception by the earnest remonstrance of the author, who protests against "the few who have attempted to crush my efforts with mere ipse dixit condemnation unsupported by the smallest sample whatsoever of that which they condemned." To do, then, what is possible towards his satisfaction, we will allow him to state, that the scene of the play is "Saragossa in Spain and its environs"—the time, "during the height of the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors"—the persons, "Francisco, a renegade, leader of the Moorish forces.—Sebastian, Governor of Saragossa, which is besieged by the Moors.—Herodia his wife, Octavia his daughter, Claudio his son, Ricardos, one of his officers, a female Maniac, and a Handmaid to Octavia." These matters premised, we will make room for Mr. Jones to display a specimen from the last scene of his Tragedy, leaving the reader to praise or condemn, according to his judgment.—

[Claudio enters, with fresh troops.]

Sebastian. Do I live!
Claudio. He called my mother "traitress,"—for his lie
I smote him—for his treason, now, have slain.
My new-found succours! take your leader's word,
Ricardos was a villain—he is dead.
Seb. Didst thou not, Renegade?—gnash, gnash thy fill,
[Seeing Fran. stare wildly on Clau.]
Thou murderer, in intent, bank'd d of thy triumph!
Didst thou not boast thou slay'dst him?—Son! my son!
Look you, my boy! what I have done to prove,
Old as I am, a father's boundless love,
I feel no pang, but joy beyond compare!

My son! my son!
Francisco. So, my assassin fail'd?
Curse on his recreant hand—oh God! the pain!
Seb. Call on your prophet, Renegade! 'tis I,
Whose son is sav'd, can bless my God

Fran. And damn.
[Thunder and lightning.]
Seb. I die rejoicing—Renegade, repent!
Fran. I do repent ye 'scap'd me; Nazarene!
My adoration, ere the prophet's creed
Turn'd me apostate from my father's faith,
And made amends in glory, wealth, and power,
I do disown thee—I do not repent—
The prophet is my God!—'tis dark, girl! dark,
What art thou whispering, restless one?—'tis chill!—
There are two moons—the stars are reeling down,
Again, thou restless one! oh, dismal sound.
The Renegade remembers—that is hell!

[The Maniac enters, wildly. The Cathedral Bell tolls.]
Maniac. Now is thy fate fulfill'd, thy knell is rung,
Truth is aveng'd—repent, repent, repent!
Toll, spirits, toll; vile clay to viler clay!
Dark spirits, toll; and blessed spirits, pray!
Take, purgatory, take his faithless soul,
Toll, toll, toll, dark spirits, toll, toll, toll!
Toll, spirits, toll; my own dirge doth reply,
Follow, poor Maniac, sob, and shriek, and—die!
[Staggering off, heaving him, and falls from sight, at the edge of the distance.]

Fran. 'Tis she—'tis she—her call must be obey'd,
Explicit as the judgment-trump of doom!
Anague's at my heart, a sick, faint thrill;
A flash upon my brain—ha!—no—so soon?
The Renegade—would—he could— [dies.]

Leaving this gentleman to finish his optative and potential moods in another state of being, we turn to 'Ignatia, and other Poems,' by Miss M. A. Browne, whom we may congratulate on being less imitative in manner, deeper in feeling, simpler in expression, than when she first came, and prematurely, before the public. The long poem which gives its title to the volume, Ignatia, however, is less to our taste than some of the minor poems concerning the more familiar things of every-day life and affection.

That we may conclude our notice agreeably, we cannot do better than turn to 'Songs and Poems: in Three Parts,' by Thomas Tod Stoddart,—a volume whose healthy tone contrasts favourably with some of the heart-broken and heart-breaking effusions which we are too often called on to sympathize with. The first division, consisting exclusively of Angling songs, is evidently the offspring of a growing enthusiasm for the art. The author is one of that good old Waltonian school, who dare to "love virtue and go a angling," and has caught no small portion of that love of natural beauty, which is or ought to be the "badge of all his tribe." There is, however, something of a Ferintosh flavour about the following, to account for which we need not go farther than the fifth line:—

The Taking of the Salmon.

A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up, the ready gaff,
And if we land him we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
Far on the rushing river;
Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
The titful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!—
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes awaken.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel!
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,
The noble fish—the thumper!
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homeward, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark to the music of the reel!
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion!

In the poem entitled 'The Angler's Grave,' the author has allowed his professional enthusiasm to carry him somewhat too far. Surely, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," the poor fish are not the only living things excepted from the general amnesty! We, therefore, put our veto on the sportsman's post-mortem pursuits, as indicated in the following lines:—

Brother angler! slumber on,
Haply thou shalt wave the wand,
When the tide of time is gone,
In some far and happy land.

One more extract from the miscellaneous poems, and we have done,—pausing only to leave our praise with the slight censure of occasional carelessness, which ever and anon manifests itself both in diction and in rhythm. Examples of both may be found in the song first quoted. The following, however, is of a higher order, and liable to no such objection; but we can only find room for a few verses:—

The Mythologist.

Astride a stone an urchin sate,
It was a granite gray—
The shaft of some broken pillar, that
Across the desert lay,
And from the heathen hieroglyph
He scoop'd the moss away.

In the city of the hundred gates,
Why should an urchin be,
Where there is neither tent nor kin,
No shade of acacia tree,
But the hidden lyre of the Memnon moans
Softly and solemnly?

The city of the hundred gates—
The column and the fane—
They look as quiet, as if they had
In a place of burial lain,
And the hand of the exhumers
Had raised them up again.

The urchin to his moody task
In idiot earnest fell;
With the point of a broken assagai—
The weapon worketh well!—
He hath scoop'd the head of an Ibis
And a holy Asphodel.

A Nubian boy he was and small,
And of a vampire kind,
To guess by the tan upon his limb
And the leer he threw behind,
And the glossless hair that labour'd
Against the gusty wind.

But ever at his task he plied,
Right heartily and brisk,
Until the red sun on a line
Had lain his lazy die,
And drew to its stretch the shadow of
The tapering obelisk.

Up rose the urchin from his work,
And round the granite gray
Ran frolicking with child-like step,
In solitary play,
Then buried in the yellow sand
His broken assagai.

Upon the shaft in low relief,
Against the giant stone,
The Ibis and the Asphodel
And a grim Osiris shone,
And the coil of the Serpent-god was there,
And the pale Myrionymon.

An earthen urn the Nubian took,
And through a vaulted pile
Ran to the gleamy waters of
The venerable Nile,
While from the flags crept lazily
The murky crocodile.

Thrice in the stream he dip'd the vase,
And thrice the water threw
Over his forehead, and again
The sacred pitcher drew
Under the marge, where tremblingly
The mystic lotus grew.

The Oas is an isle of the sand,
Shining with trees and springs,
For the slumber of love and the folding up
Of the idle ostrich wings,
For the brief dream of the pilgrim, in
His perilous wanderings.

Silently sits the Nubian boy
Under a flow'ry tree;
He drinks of the honey from the comb
Of the wild Afric bee;
He bathes in a fount, that runs from a rock
Coolly and gushingly.

A stately camel over him
Boweth its neck of grace;
A moon and more are over, since
The wearied creature laid
Its lips to the water, where it ran
Under some eastern shade,

And now it laves them joyously
In a quiet, flow'ry glade.
Toward the trackless wilderness,
It coucheth on the knee;
The Nubian leapteth to its neck,
"A ring of gold for thee
To bear me to the happy tents
Of blessed Araby!"

Here we must break off suddenly, like Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights, referring our readers for the conclusion to the volume itself.

List of New Books.—Treatises on Masonry, Joinery, &c. 4to. 3s.—Urwick, on the Second Advent, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Cobbin's Reader, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s.—Cobbin's Spelling-Book, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Nye's Short-Hand Dictionary, new edit. 18mo. 4s.—Thomas's Napoleon, Part 1. 2s. 6d.—Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—History of the Campaign in France in 1814, 8vo. 14s.—Yarrell's Supplement to the History of British Fishes, demy 8vo. 7s. 6d., royal 8vo. 15s.—Gray's Elegy, with Illustrations, post 8vo. 9s., new Polyglot edit. post 8vo. 12s.—Heyne's Virgil, new edit. 8vo. 14s.—British Naval Biography, from Hissard to Codrington, 18mo. cl. 5s.—Cudworth's Intellectual System, 3 vols. 8vo. 42s.—Duncan's Dukes of Normandy, 12mo. 6s.—Lady Blessington's Desultory Thoughts and Reflections, 12mo. 4s.—Ward's Illustrations of the Virtues, Part 1. "Faith," 12mo. 3s.—Woman's Mission, f. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Wylde's London and Southampton Railway Guide, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Walker's Atlas, new edit. 8vo. hf-bd. 2s. 6d.—Shelley's Poetical Works, 4 vols. f. 20s.—Derry, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 6th edit. 12mo. 6s.—Mother's Helper, by H. R. King, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Todd's Truth made Simple, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Ollivier's Parliamentary Director, 18mo. 6d.—Little Godfrey the Hermit, 18mo. 2s.—Pinkerton on Sleep, f. 4s. 6d.—Tears in Heaven, and other Poems, f. 8vo. cl. 5s.—The Miser's Daughter, a Comedy, and Poems, by J. Purchas, f. 8vo. 5s.—Reeve's Guide to Leamington Spa, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—A Tale of a Winter's Night, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Basket of Fragments for God's Family, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Costanza of Mistris, a Tale of Modern Greece, 12mo. 5s.—Macaulay on Cruelty to Animals, 12mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, 18mo. 2s. 6d. new edit.—Ford's Guide to the Lakes, 12mo. 3s.—Cooper's Cattle Groups, folio, 4s. 4s.—Winkler's French Cathedrals, 4to. cl. 30s., royal 4to. India paper, 3l. 3s.—Alison's Outlines of Human Pathology, 3rd edit. 8vo. 12s.—Nasmyth on the Teeth, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Manning on the Law of Nations, 8vo. 14s.—Wylde's Missionary Atlas, 8vo. 14s.—Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo. cl. 3l. 6d.—Tholuck on St. John, royal 12mo. 8s.—Aids to Preaching and Hearing, post 8vo. 6s.—Wilkin's Bible Acrostics, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Stonard's Six Sermons, 8vo. 5s.—Mant's Home Apostolice, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Light Shining in Darkness, by A. Roberts, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Howe's De-lighting in God, 12mo. 4s.—Rev. John Newton's Works, new edit. imp. 8vo. 25s.—Seymour's Sketches, Vol. 1. 8vo. cl. 14s.—The Wizard of Windshaw, 3 vols. 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Henry's First Latin Book, by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, 12mo. 3s.—Le Page's L'Echo de Paris, new edit. 12mo. 4s.;

Gift of Conversation, 12mo. 3s. 6d.: Last Step to French, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—De Forquet's First French Reading Book, 7th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Young's Algebra, new edit. enlarged, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Blair's School Dictionary, 9th edit. 12mo. 3s.—Parley's Tales about Canada, square cl. 4s.—Peep into the Agricultural World, 18mo. 3s.—Green's Universal Primer, 12mo. s.w.d. 1s.—Holland's Illustrated Alphabet, plain 1s., coloured 1s. 6d.—Ten Minutes' Advice about keeping a Banker, royal 32mo. gilt. 1s.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

HARDLY a day passes that we do not receive letters respecting some imagined discovery, or improvement, in the art of Photogenic drawing, but the suggestions are generally far too crude to be worthy of publication. An ingenious and clever man lately sent us a specimen, which he considered so far superior to all others, that he confidently believed it would bear a comparison with M. Daguerre's exquisite miniatures. Now we long since stated, and after an attentive examination of both, that all comparison between photogenic drawings and the works of M. Daguerre, is quite ridiculous, and a candid acknowledgment of this we thought due to the Frenchman's great and undoubted merits. We are happy to have this opinion confirmed by one who ranks high in the scientific world, who, by his general acquirements, is well calculated to give a correct and disinterested report on the subject—and who, we suspect, knows much more than he thinks it honourable and fair towards the inventor to communicate:—

It was manifest at once, that M. Daguerre's method of producing pictures was altogether different from anything I had seen or heard of in England—the pictures were as perfect as it is possible for pictures to be without colour, and although they did not possess this advantage, its absence was scarcely felt, as the truth, distinctness, and fidelity of the minutest details were so exquisite, that colour could have added little to the charm felt in contemplating them; the best idea I can give of the effect produced is, by saying, that it is nearly the same as that of views taken by reflection in a black mirror. All the specimens I saw were on hard, plane, polished surfaces; none were on paper, and, in fact, the finest paper is incapable of receiving or conveying the delicate details, which (on examination by the microscope) the pictures are found to contain—the smallest crack, a withered leaf, or a little dust, which a telescope only will detect on a distant building, will be found in M. Daguerre's pictures, when sought for with the aid of a high magnifying power.

One set of specimens shown to us, consisted of three pictures of the same portion of the Boulevard, taken, one of them at early morning, one at mid-day, and one in the evening. I could not have anticipated so marked a difference in the tone and aspect of three representations of the same objects; yet, though they differed so much in aspect, that it required examination to be satisfied of the identity, the same examination, however, soon impressed me with the truth of the pictures, although they differed from the conventional tones used by artists to represent the same effects. Another very interesting specimen was the view alluded to by your Paris Correspondent (No. 587), of a street taken during a heavy fall of rain—this was so accurately rendered, that the plate seemed wet; this effect I think, arose from many portions of the objects which were wetted by the rain, being so situated in regard to the plan of the Camera Obscura in which the view was taken, that they gave total reflection of the light falling on them, and thus glinted while the rest of the picture was unusually obscure. No artist could have hit off this effect with sufficient exactness to tell in a picture.

There is one point in which these pictures have a striking dissemblance from nature, viz., the deserted appearance they give to the busiest thoroughfares—nothing which moves onwards leaves a sensible trace behind, and the stones of the causeway, or the "Seyssel" of the asphalt *travaux*, are nearly as distinct in the pictures, as if no one passed over them; if a body of military, so numerous, that their passage would occupy the whole time employed to form the picture, were to be passing, a confused trace would be made in it, but still a representation of the roadway would be perceptible. Waving objects make confused images; but even living objects, if they remain motionless during the short periods of exposure, are given with perfect fidelity. A waiting *fiacre* with carriage horses, is generally found to give a perfect picture. I also observed the curious specimen referred to by your Correspondent, of a *decorateur* at work on a gentleman's boot; the gentleman was seated, and was very distinct, excepting his head and hat, which showed, that in speaking he had nodded; the shoe-black was all right except the right arm and brush, which made a vague blot, through which the gentleman's foot could be distinguished. In one specimen, which had been exposed only thirty seconds, the plate was still intensely black, excepting in the sky, and in some portions of buildings which were just beginning to be visible—the effect was that of looking out at the first dawn of day, when, under a grey sky, white objects begin to peer through the obscurity of night.

I shall conclude by saying, that M. Daguerre's discovery appears to me to be of great value, and directly applicable to useful purposes, as by means of it original pictures of unquestionable fidelity may be obtained from the most intricate objects, at a trifling expense, and by persons otherwise incapable of taking a sketch. Such pictures may then be multiplied by the engraver's art, and the public obtain illustrations of the highest excellence at a moderate cost. A miniature painter, instead of confining his subject to irksome sittings, may in two minutes take a perfect like-

ness in light and shade, and may at his leisure transfer this to ivory, with the advantage of colour from his pallet.

I am, &c.

J. R.

The truth is, that M. Daguerre's process is so little understood, that it is scarcely possible to find words clearly to express the kind of effect which the works produce. M. Daguerre's pictures are not, like the paintings of many artists, so imperfect, that you must view them only from one point, and not approach nearer lest the illusion should vanish; on the contrary, you feel that you have a treasure before you, which affords stores of delineated beauty, which all the powers of sense, even when assisted by a microscope, are unable to exhaust. Our correspondent mentioned in conversation, that in the studio of M. Daguerre is a small plaster head of the Jupiter of the Capitol, which had served as a subject to the artist in various positions. In one of these pictures he noticed with the microscope, a small black streak across the nose, which he had not seen in the cast; it was apparently a small chip or crack; but on looking again at the original, no such thing was visible until at last he succeeded in placing it in a light, in which the shadow of the upper side of a minute crevice was seen upon close inspection.

Well imagined when we first adverted to Mr. R. Hill's plan of Post Office reform, or even when we brought under consideration the results of the Parliamentary inquiry, that within twelve months the bold measures he suggested would be sanctioned and adopted by the government. Yet so it is, and a like policy is being strenuously urged forward in France, where Mr. Hill's views have found a zealous and intelligent advocate in M. Piron, the Sub-director of the Post Office, who, in a small brochure just received, *'Du Service des Postes et de la Taxation des Lettres au moyen d'un Timbre,'* brings all his official experience to bear in confirmation of that gentleman's opinions. It is curious enough that M. Piron assumes as incontrovertible that the postage is too high in France, because the receipts from postage have only doubled during the last twenty years, whereas the revenue derived from public carriages, &c. has more than trebled. If this argument be conclusive, and we think it entitled to great weight, what ought we to infer from the fact, that in this great commercial country the post-revenue has remained during that long period nearly stationary! M. Piron, however, does not appear to us so thoroughly master of the subject as Mr. Hill; he does not follow out his argument to its legitimate consequences; and, for no sufficient reason, he proposes that there shall be one rate of postage for towns, and another for the country,—these varying according to weight, but the weight allowed, as well as the charge, to be different in town and country delivery; the postage to be collected by means of a stamp,—the use of the stamp, however, is not to be compulsory, but when not used the old rate of postage is to be charged.

The Council of King's College, anxious that a Hospital should be attached to their Medical School, have lately concluded an agreement with the parish of St. Clement Danes, for a long lease of a building in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which has been hitherto occupied as a workhouse, but is now no longer wanted for that purpose. This building has been inspected, and found to be capable of containing at least 250 beds, and to be well adapted to the purposes. As, however, the College does not possess any funds applicable to the establishment and support of the proposed Hospital, the Council have issued a circular, calling on the public and the friends of the College to come forward and supply the means of carrying into effect so benevolent and useful a design. The good which must result from such an establishment, not merely to the students of the College, but to the numberless poor in that crowded locality, induce us to hope that the Council will meet with a ready and liberal support.

We have been requested, by the Secretary of the Geological Society of France, to announce that the Society has resolved to hold its Annual General Meeting, this year, on the 8th of September, at Boulogne; and that this place has been decided on, with reference to the great interest of the geological features of the locality, and in the hope that the members may have the satisfaction of meeting many of their distinguished English Associates. It may be

well to add, that gentlemen, though not members of the Society, may be introduced by any of the Fellows, and be present at the meetings.

It is not our custom to announce marriages, but that of Dr. Southey, our distinguished historian and laureate, to Miss Caroline Bowles, the well-known authoress, claims its line of chronicle and congratulation at our hands.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 33, Pall Mall West, (adjoining the British Institution), from Nine o'clock till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY, with a selection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

JUST OPENED.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NEW EXHIBITION.—THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE,

ADELAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.

Brilliant Exhibition of Optical Phenomena, by means of Mr. Goddard's Polaroscope. Musical Performance on the Æolophone, by Mr. Warne, of the Temple. The only living specimen of the celebrated Electric Eel ever brought to this country, completing the extensive means for showing Electricity and Magnetism for which this Institution is distinguished. The interesting exhibition of the Invisible Girl, as well as numerous other attractive novelties, in addition to the Steam Gun, Microscope, &c. &c.—Open daily at Ten A.M. Admission, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 22.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair. Three papers were read:—

1. 'On the Wells in the gravel and London clay in Essex,' by Dr. Mitchell. The greater part of Essex consists of London clay, but the portion of the county to the north-west of a line drawn from Harlow to Ballingdon Hill, near Sudbury, and a long ridge between Purfleet and East Tilbury are composed of chalk. The greatest thickness of the clay is not known, but it probably exceeds 400 feet; and that of the chalk has been ascertained to be considerably more than 500. Extensive districts are covered by gravel, sand, and other detritus, which are sometimes very thin, but in Wakering Marshes and Foulness Island, they are not less than 300 feet thick. The wells formed in the gravel are supplied by land springs, and they are often not more than 10 feet deep. There is no certainty, however, in any area, of the depth to which they must be sunk, owing to the irregularity of the outline of the London clay. In the districts composed of that formation, no land springs occur, and the wells generally penetrate to the bed of sand between the clay and the chalk. That much of the rain which falls in Essex is absorbed, there can, nevertheless, be no doubt, from the small number and insignificant size of the brooks and rivers of the county. Very little water enters the Lea, and between its mouth and Purfleet only four streams flow into the Thames. The Crouch, the Blackwater, and the Coln, though the principal rivers of Essex, are also very small, and can carry off only an inconsiderable portion of the water, which falls on about a million of statute acres. The clay is of various colours, the lower beds being sometimes red, but it is occasionally blue to the bottom. In the districts where it is thickest, it is often interstratified with two or three beds of sand; but near the site of Fairlop Fair, it was found to consist of 398 feet of solid clay. No exact details having been preserved by the well-sinkers, Dr. Mitchell has been unable to ascertain the precise thickness of the clay at the different localities visited by him, but he gives a list of 19 wells, selected from a very large number, the total depth of the shallowest, at Upminster, near Romford, being 192 feet, and of the deepest, situated in Foulness Island, 460 feet. These variations do not depend entirely on the position of the well with reference to the dip of the clay or the altitude above the sea, but frequently on the irregularities in the surface of the chalk. In many cases, however, the difference is equal to the rise in the physical features of the country; and the author consequently infers, that those undulations were produced by denudation, and not by irregular elevation of the district. Layers of cement-stone present great impediments to the well-sinkers; and there not unfrequently

occurs at the bottom of the clay a large tabular mass, technically called the water rock, because, on cutting through it, a powerful stream rushes up. The water sometimes holds, in solution, a saline substance, probably sulphate of magnesia, as it is abundant in the springs of the London clay in Surrey. Foul air is not unknown, but it has given little inconvenience to the well-sinkers, and its nature has not been ascertained. In Hertfordshire, sulphuretted hydrogen gas has been most destructive; and in the chalk district of Surrey, carbonic acid gas is very troublesome, and has been sometimes fatal. Artesian wells have been productive of the greatest benefit in Essex. In the vale of the Lea they have been bored easily, and the expense has been usually about 16l. In the district of Bulphan Fen, they yield a large supply of water; and they have proved extremely beneficial in the marshes and the flat tracts along the coast. In Foulness Island there are no natural springs, and until lately there was no water except that collected in ditches. In hot seasons this became putrid, yet the inhabitants and cattle continued to partake of it as long as it lasted; and it was then necessary to obtain supplies at the distance of seven miles from the east end of the island. The district, in consequence, was proverbially unhealthy, and labourers could be procured only at unusually high wages. Now, however, artesian wells keep the ditches constantly full of fresh and wholesome water; farmers of a superior class are beginning to reside on the island, labourers are procured at moderate wages, and the produce of the soil has increased. Wallasea, Mersea, and other islands, have also benefited very much by artesian wells. Great additions are annually made to the land along the coast of Essex; and extensive embankments have been thrown up within the last seven years, inclosing valuable tracts; but large areas are totally destitute of vegetable soil; and Dr. Mitchell calculates that on one part of the coast, there are 33,000 acres, which would not yield for the next 300 years, a rental of 300 pence. In 1837 a company was proposed for inclosing the district.

To this paper was appended a notice of the following localities of outbursts of water from the chalk:—the Bourne mill-stream near Farnham [see *Athenæum*, No. 592]; the head of the river Mole at Mersham; a copious spring close to the Guildford road, near Leatherhead; another at the church below Croydon, and several within a short distance of Carshalton and Orpington: the Holy Well at Kemping; a copious stream on the north side of the road, to the west of Sittingbourne; Brook End, in the Isle of Thanet; the Lidden spout between Folkstone and Dover; the Holy Well at the commencement of the cliffs of Beachy Head, a mile from Eastbourne, also the Chadwell and the Amwell, two of the principal tributaries of the New River. The notice contained likewise an account of the 'Nail Bourns,' or occasional outbursts of water at Birchwood House, near Croydon. The last occurrence of the phenomenon was in the spring of 1837, when the water poured out in vast quantities and continued to do so for six weeks. Later in the same season other streams burst forth at Gattin Park, between Mersham and Ryegate, and at Nonsuch Park, near Ewell.

2. A notice on the discovery of insects and a new genus of Isopods in the Wealden formation in the vale of Wardour, by the Rev. P. B. Brodie. These fossils were found in an old quarry near Dinton, twelve miles west of Salisbury, associated with Cypris, Cycas, and other freshwater remains, also fishes and the tooth of a saurian. The quarry, as far as could be ascertained, consists of irregular alternations of thin beds of limestone, clay, sandstone, and grit, but the bottom was concealed by water and refuse. The new genus of Isopods occurs in one of the lower beds of limestone. The individuals are numerous and grouped together. The lenses of the eyes are occasionally preserved, and traces of legs have been found, but no antennae. The insects were procured from the debris, at the bottom of the quarry, and belong to several species, assignable to the orders Homoptera, Coleoptera, Diptera, and Neuroptera; but of the last only one wing has been obtained. In the same mass of rubbish, Mr. Brodie discovered numerous fishes, but generally very small.

3. 'Geological Observations on the South of Ireland,' by Mr. R. Griffith.—This communication was

accompanying the researches in Ireland, coloured from the British Museum; of formations strata, and congl. and quaternary organic Silurian by a series of coarse c. and, in this series, stone; tions in which the carls sandstone clay-stratified, finally a tion, ab. of Castles shales Posidon made by dark sh. dip und. sequen. tained, the com into the given or from M. Cork h. south of had been transition the top of the old is a reg system, as in K water, Harbours stone a and bl before sage; a Society land of every s known Mr. Gr. tion in of its whole

accompanied by a copy of Mr. Griffith's large geological map of Ireland, the result of thirty years' researches; but the immediate object of the letter is to explain, why certain districts in the south of Ireland, generally considered to be transition, are coloured as secondary. A section is first described from Brandon Bay, in the county of Kerry, to Castle Island; and it exhibits a good type of the sequence of formations in this portion of the kingdom. The strata composing the lowest rock are highly inclined, and consist of black and red slates, conglomerates, and quartz rock; and in some places they contain organic remains, agreeing with those of the upper Silurian rocks. They are succeeded, unconformably, by a series of beds constituted, in the lower part, of coarse conglomerates, with a red arenaceous cement, and, in the upper, of finely-grained slaty sandstones. This series is considered to belong to the old red sandstone; and it gradually passes upwards by alternations into a deposit of yellow and grey sandstones, which Mr. Griffith assigns to the lowest division of the carboniferous system. The upper beds of the sandstone alternate with dark indurated shale or clay-slate; which, still higher in the series, is interstratified with beds of carboniferous limestone, and is finally succeeded by continuous masses of that formation, abounding with characteristic fossils. Eastward of Castle Island, the millstone grit appears, the lower shales containing *Encrinites*, *Orthocera*, *Spirifers*, *Posidonia*, &c. In this section, the only difference made by Mr. Griffith, is in the geological age of the dark shale or slate, which was formerly supposed to dip under the old red sandstone, and to belong, consequently, to the grauwacke series; but he has ascertained, as already stated, that it constitutes part of the conformable beds of passage from the old red into the carboniferous system. A description is then given of the structure of the south-east of Ireland, from Mount Leinster, in the county of Wexford, to Cork harbour. Nearly the whole of this district south of the Suire, including the limestones of Cork, had been assigned, by some previous observers, to the transition class; but Mr. Griffith shows that, from the top of Monavallagh, where the conglomerates of the old red sandstone are well known to occur, there is a regular succession of great undulation of that system, presenting the same lithological characters as in Kerry; and that in the valleys of the Blackwater, the Bride, and the Lee, as well as in Cork Harbour, there are interposed between the red sandstone and the limestone, deposits of yellow sandstone and black shale, agreeing in character with those before described, and constituting true beds of passage; and there was exhibited on the table of the Society a large collection of fossils obtained from the band of limestone ranging from Cork to Middleton, every species of which has been often found in well known mountain limestone districts. In conclusion, Mr. Griffith alludes to the vast extent of that formation in Ireland, and he points out the probability of its having, at one period, constituted nearly the whole of the then existing surface of the island.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.—*Oxford, May 7.*—The President in the chair.—The Rev. E. Bigge, of Merton College, was appointed Secretary, in the place of the Rev. E. Hill, resigned. Dr. Daubeny exhibited some Photogenic drawings, and some water from the Thermal Springs of Thermopylae, in Greece, of which he had lately received a sample for analysis. It is of a strong saline character, impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and the source of the springs is not far distant from the spot, which the memory of Leonidas and his chosen band has consecrated. The professor then proceeded to explain certain views with respect to the Constitution of Matter, and the laws of Chemical Combination, which had been brought forward within the last few years. He showed, that although matter may consist of atoms, yet chemical union must be supposed to take place between groups or assemblages of such atoms, and not between the individual atoms themselves. He then showed, that the bodies which are to be regarded in the light of elementary substances, in the case of vegetable or animal matter, are themselves compounds, consisting of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, and on the other hand, that the chemical properties of those bodies, which, as far as we know, are simple, admit of being modified very considerably by electrical and other agencies. He

likewise pointed out that several distinct chemical compounds may exist, made up of the same elements, united in the same proportions; and, on the other hand, that simple as well as compound substances assume various distinct crystalline forms, according to the circumstances under which they happen to become solid.

MAY 27.—The President in the chair.—Dr. Daubeny continued his sketch of the recent views regarding the laws of Chemical Combination. He first explained the doctrine of Catalysis, or the influence which certain bodies exert in producing chemical changes, without entering into combination with either of the constituents of the compound substances which they decompose. This doctrine was illustrated by the action of spongy platinum in kindling hydrogen gas, by the conversion of starch into gum and sugar under the influence of Diastase or of sulphuric acid, and probably in the process of fermentation produced in saccharine matter by the presence of a minute proportion of gluten. He next pointed out a species of attraction which seems to operate amongst homogeneous masses of matter, as cohesive attraction does amongst their particles, and which he proposed to distinguish by the term *adhesive attraction*. It is by virtue of this force that portions of flinty matter disseminated through a mass of clay, become gradually collected into lumps or nuclei. He then noticed the new views of Prof. Graham, of London, who has shown that water acts an important part in the constitution of acids, salts, &c., and influences their chemical properties no less than their crystallization. He concluded by observing that it was probable that the various products of animal and vegetable life result from the operation of these and other similar natural laws, which pervade the organic as well as the inorganic kingdoms; and that many of the compounds hitherto obtained exclusively from the processes of living matter, may be created by artificial means. Two or more of these compounds have been already produced by chemists of the present day.—Dr. Daubeny having, in the course of his paper, alluded to the new method of distinguishing certain organic compounds by observing their respective effects upon polarized light, and having exhibited an apparatus constructed for the illustration of this new method of analysis, Prof. Powell rose, and explained briefly the principles upon which this investigation proceeded, by stating the laws of plane and circular polarization. It appears, that, whilst sugar derived from the cane deflects the polarized ray to the right, that obtained from honey or pure starch causes a deviation to the left; and the amount of deflection in a given sample will vary with the relative proportion of the different kinds of sugar. Mr. Biggs then exhibited two specimens of the *Fungus inclitensis*,—a kind of parasitical plant, growing on the roots of certain trees in Malta and a few other localities, in great estimation, in former times, as a styptic. It is partly described by Micheli under the name of *Cynomorium coccineum*; Linnaeus has published a dissertation upon it, and the elder Richard has classed it under the family Balanophoreae.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Institute of British Architects.....	Eight, P.M.
	Geographical Society.....	Nine.
	Society of Arts (<i>Htus</i>).....	Eight.
TUES.	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight.
	Zoological Society (<i>Sci. Bus.</i>).....	p. Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	p. Seven.
	Literary Fund.....	Three.
	Royal Society.....	p. Eight.
THURS.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature.....	Four.
FRI.	Astronomical Society.....	Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, No Performance.
On Monday, KING HENRY V. from the Text of Shakespeare.
Tuesday, THE LADY OF LYONS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Thursday Mdme. Grisi's benefit took place, with the attractions of a fresh opera, 'Lucretia Borgia,' by Donizetti,—a new tenor, M. Mario,—and a new ballet, 'La Gitana,'—the last a modified version of that spectacle, whose splendours so recently set the Russian capital in an uproar. Strange to say, in spite of these temptations, the house was but moderately well attended; nor have the lovers of music any loss, if they absent

themselves from M. Laporte's kingdom as often as the 'Lucretia' is repeated. The ghastly and revolting story of Victor Hugo's tragedy, stripped of half its horrors, by Sig. Romani, the Italian *librettist*, has been set to music—alternating between harsh and pulsing dulness—and, as a whole, even less inviting than that of Donizetti's ungracious 'Parisina.' There is one effective tertz in the second act; and the introduction, with snatches of ball-music coming from behind the scenes, would be very gay and pretty—though anything but new—if the military band were kept in tune. Having mentioned these pieces, it is waste of time to specify further. Grisi did her best to make her new part tell—looking, in the second act, more striking than we ever remember to have seen her, having put on for the character such a malicious and fascinating beauty as befits a sorceress or a Vittoria Accoramboni; but the music baffled her exertions. It was a pity, too, to produce M. Mario in a composition so utterly worthless; though, making all allowance for its wretched insipidity, we cannot but compliment the new Romeo of the Italian stage upon possessing a handsome presence and a delicious voice, rather than commend him for using either as an artist should do, that is, zealously and to good effect. His voice, as has been said elsewhere, is sweet and extensive, some of its tones being not free from that slight quantity of huskiness which practice would either clear away, or, as in Pasta's case, convert from a blemish into a beauty; his expression is natural and unforced, his declamation at times too abrupt, at times too indifferent—he is greatest, in short, in *cantabile* singing; having, on Thursday evening, neither been given nor made for himself any opportunity for the display of executive power: M. Mario's success was complete, but he must work hard to make it lasting. Signora Ernesta Grisi and Tamburini, always careful and emphatic, took the other principal parts in the opera. After this grim tragedy came 'La Gitana.' We have only room to pronounce this a charming ballet, though not, in London, the marvellous spectacle which it has been in the 'City of the Czar.' The story, introduced by a prologue of visionary *tableaux*, vibrates between the fair of Nishay Novogorod, and a mountain pass in Spain, and is framed so as to introduce Taglioni, first, as a new Esmeralda, winning gold and witching lovers by her exquisite grace and sprightliness,—and secondly, as a lost child, unconsciously defending her noble parents, and fearlessly her lover,—then restored to wealth and luxury,—and finally, led to the altar. Need we say that her pantomime and her dancing were alike unapproachable? In the first act, she has a tambourine step, a quaint and stately Russian 'measure,' and a 'mazurka,' which, for the time present at least, must un-cachouche all lovers of national dances: and in the second act, a Spanish pas.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The seventh concert was a very peculiar one; for, had the orchestra been in anything like perfect or piquant order, (Dragonetti and Lindley's Corelli duet apart), we could have fancied ourselves in Paris, so French was the scheme; Mad. Dorus Gras giving us a national version of Mozart's 'Parto';—that is, singing it cleverly, but with transpositions and cadences, which we did not like, because not in the German fashion;—and, besides the 'Parto,' singing a brilliant scene from Auber's 'Sermont.' Then M. Mario made his first appearance in a song from Niedermayer's 'Stradella,' and a duet from the 'Count Ory,' in both exhibiting a tuneful and extensive tenor voice, rather than any extraordinary musical skill, or depth of feeling. The couplets from 'Stradella,' though scarcely deserving the compliment, were *encored*. In the second act, a violin solo was performed by M. Artot, the last, and one of the most remarkable of the violinists. His tone is sweet, elastic, and though very small, free from that offensive tremulousness which belongs to some of the Paganinists; still it is of a class totally distinct from that sound school of which Herr David furnishes such an admirable specimen. To state the difference in a few words, the elder violin players were contented to make their instrument sing, the moderns would fain force it to talk; and the result is, too often, on the part of the player, affectation, in place of expression, and, on the part of the listeners, the fatigue of attention when its excitement has ceased. But to return to M. Artot: there is an exquisite delicacy, a suppressed passion in his playing,

which rescues it from the charge of mannerism: his execution, too, is remarkable,—if indeed, that epithet can be used any longer in these days of prodigies. To our ears there was a want of purpose in the fantasia he had selected, and its effect was, again, lessened by the want of sympathy on the part of the orchestra: the Philharmonic band, indeed, is too often chargeable with a slovenly doggedness in its accompaniments. While speaking of the band, we must conclude our notice with saying that the first symphony was Mozart's 'Jupiter,' the second Haydn's No. 9, and the principal overture Beethoven's 'Egmont'; and that Mr. Bishop, who conducted, took the last far too slow, as also the slow movement of Haydn's work. Mr. Cramer led.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The last six days have been the busiest ones ever recorded in our calendar of musical experiences.—The week commenced with *M. Labarre's Concert*, at which all the Opera singers appeared.—Mlle. Garcia claiming particular notice for her splendid *scena* from 'Ines de Castro,' which she sung with a force and daring hardly to have been surpassed by Malibran herself. Is it fruitless to regret that she has commenced with those exuberances of execution, more wonderful than classical, to which her predecessor had but attained at the close of her career? and that, therefore, progress (paradoxical as it might seem) must compel her to retrace her steps,—that is, to retrench her present profusion? Her appearance seems to have inspired all her sister singers with a double measure of energy. We have spoken of Mlle. Garcia in the place which M. Labarre, as giver of the concert, ought to have occupied—and to which he has so full a right, as the best harpist we have heard. There is that grace and solidity in his performance (free from anything like extravagance), that constancy to the pure and legitimate effects of which his instrument is capable, which can hardly be praised too highly. Besides the attractions specified, we had MM. Haumann and Döhler, each doing his best, and M. A. Batta, whose violoncello playing gains rather than loses with every subsequent hearing. He is the most interesting, if not the most complete artist upon his instrument of the vocal school, we have heard.—On Tuesday (after hearing the wonderful and affecting union of the charity children rehearsing in St. Paul's for the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy), we heard *Mr. Salaman's Concert*, which being given in the Hanover Square Rooms, of course had a different character from concerts held in the Haymarket. The pianoforte concerto of Beethoven in c minor was a principal attraction to us. It was well and expressively played by Mr. Salaman: we must add, with not all the breadth demanded, for in Beethoven's music the critic cannot but be jealous of fallings short, be they ever so small, which in less sterling compositions are never felt. Mr. Salaman's cadence, moreover, at the close of the *allegro*, had the fault of being too elaborate and ambitious—these episodic *tours de force* are valueless, if they have not the air of improvisation. Besides this concerto, Mr. Salaman played Thalberg's *Mossé* fantasia, and two vocal pieces of his composition were sung—the overtures to 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Egmont,'—Herr David's 'Russian Airs,' and a violoncello solo, by M. Lidel, also forming interesting features in his programme. The vocal music was excellent, by Mesdames Dorus Gras, Albertazzi, Stockhausen, &c., Sigs. Ivanoff, &c., and carefully selected. On Wednesday Mr. Mori gave his morning concert in the Opera-room, with a programme comprising all the best vocal, and a large proportion of the best instrumental talent in London. Nothing could be more successful and satisfactory, but the scheme offered no novelties requiring any very specific remark or commendation.

Mr. Charles Kean, who is engaged at the Haymarket for a few nights, previous to his departure for America, played *Hamlet* on Monday, and was abundantly applauded; but we do not think he appeared to such advantage as at Drury Lane last year. The abrupt transitions and startling *coups de théâtre* which he sometimes resorts to for producing effect, are too palpable in 'this wooden O.' It is a great disadvantage attending the histrionic art, that the plaudits of the multitude, who seek the theatre for strong excitement, are more readily elicited by phy-

sical force of emphasis and gesture, than by the contagion of profound emotion; and thus actors, to whom applause is as the air they breathe, are continually tempted to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' We would willingly remind many who were present on this occasion, that clapping of hands, and thumping of sticks, in the middle of a scene, is, at best, but a rude and vulgar mode of recognizing the beauties of acting, and tends to dispel the illusion, as well as to divert the attention of the performer from the character and the scene, to the audience. The tragedy was creditably got up,—making due allowance for the general character of the *corps dramatique*.—A Miss Maywood, a young actress from America, has made her *début* at this theatre, as *Blanca*, in the forced and feeble tragedy of 'Fazio,' and has since played *Mrs. Haller*,—who, we hoped, had retired from the English stage. The lady is young, and her powers so immature, that we can only say that she appears to possess talents, which, if judiciously cultivated, may qualify her to represent the *Mrs. Oakleys* and *Violantes*, but not to figure in lofty tragedy. The closing of the *OLYMPIC* has added farren to the Haymarket company: we wait to see Sheridan in his new suit, however, before we report on the state of comedy at this house. Apropos of the *Olympic*—Vestris, in her farewell address, announced her intended removal to Covent Garden, and alluded pleasantly to the silly reports about the future management, by assuring her friends that 'Mr. Mathews did not intend to play *Macbeth*, and that she had positively refused the part of *Queen Katherine*.'

MISCELLANEA

Tyre.—Dr. Wilde states, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, that, while engaged in investigating the ruins of Tyre, he discovered several circular apertures or reservoirs cut in the solid sandstone rock close to the water's edge along the southern shores of the peninsula. These in shape resembled a large pot, and varied in size from two to eight feet in diameter, and from four to five feet deep; some were in clusters, others isolated, and several were connected in pairs by a conduit about a foot deep. Many of those reservoirs were filled with a breccia solely composed of broken up shells, bound together by carbonate of lime, and a small trace of strontian; large heaps of a similar breccia were found in the vicinity of the pots. This mass is exceedingly heavy, of adamant hardness, and the shells of which it is composed appear to be all of one species, and from the sharpness of their fracture, were evidently broken by art and not worn or water-washed. The portions of shell were examined by eminent naturalists, and are pronounced to be the *murex trunculus*, which most conchologists agree was one species from which the Tyrian dye was obtained, but, until now, no proof could be given of its being the actual shell. Dr. Wilde is of opinion, that the reservoirs he discovered were the vats or mortars in which the shells were broken up, in order to obtain the dye (which lies in a sac in the neck of the mollusc inhabiting them), and showed that it accurately accords with the description of Pliny, who states, that the smaller shells (of which those in the specimen are examples) were broken in 'certain mills.'

Liquid Leather.—A Dr. Bernland, of Larria, in Germany, is said to have discovered a method of making leather out of certain reed and waste animal substances. A manufactory of this nature has been established near Vienna. No part of the process is explained, only it is said that the substance is at one time in a complete state of fluidity, and may then be cast into shoes, boots, &c.—*Bristol Mirror*.

A New Method of preserving Iron-work from Rust. communicated by M. Paymen to the French Institute, consists in plunging the pieces to be preserved in a mixture of one part concentrated solution of impure soda (soda of commerce) and three parts water. Pieces of iron left for three months in this liquid had lost neither weight nor polish; whilst similar pieces immersed for five days in simple water were covered with rust.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. L.—Oriens—J. C. H.—M. R.—G. E. S.—received. Verus Teuto, &c. declined.

Erratum.—In the advertisement of the Crown Life Assurance Company, which appeared last week, the first division in 1832 ought to have been stated as 'from 18s. to 21. 12s.,' instead of '11. 12s.,' as printed.

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